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# THE THREE TETONS

A STORY OF THE YELLOWSTONE

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A RANCH," "THE RING OF  
AMETHYST," "ALL SORTS OF CHILDREN," ETC.

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## NOTE.

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The trip of the Maiden and her party through the Yellowstone Park was made in the summer of 1885. Since then many improvements have been made, in routes for travel and accommodation. The hotels are now under new and better management. The dusty road from Cinnabar station to the Mammoth Hot Springs is watered twice a day. There is now telephone communication all through the Park, and a double stage line every day. But perhaps the most welcome change of all is the opening of a new road from the Falls to the Mammoth Hot Springs, by which the tourist is saved forty miles of weary retraveling of the road by which he came.

A. W. R.



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## THE THREE TETONS.

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“IT is perfectly absurd for you to keep going to Europe in this way, summer after summer,” remarked the Maiden, with the emphasis and exaggeration peculiar to Younger Sisters.

“We have only been twice,” murmured the married sister, apologetically.

“But once is enough. That is, if you haven’t seen Colorado, and the Yellowstone, and Tacoma, and Alaska, and the Yosemite. Of course, one wants to go once—”

“I should think so,” murmured Mrs. Thayer.

“And, of course, if you want art, or history, or architecture, or associations, you must go to

Europe for them. If you were going for the winter, or to study any thing, I could understand it. But you are not. You are going only for the summer, and for scenery. And you will go straight to that miserable little Tyrol—”

“Miserable little Tyrol!” exclaimed Mrs. Thayer in dismay.

“When you might go to the Yellowstone.”

“Do you really mean, Mabel, that if you were I—” Mrs. Thayer here grasped faintly for her married dignity, which was her only hope in the struggle,— “you would give up the Tyrol for the Yellowstone?”

“Listen,” said the Maiden. Opening her latest guide-book, she read something to the effect that the best of the Rhine, the Hudson, and the Saguenay, the whole of Switzerland, the pyramids of Egypt, Lake Maggiore and the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, combined, would not begin to compare with the glories of the National Park on the Yellowstone.

"You can't believe that every thing in a guide-book is true."

"But if only a third of it is true, it is enough, as Mercutio would say." The Maiden closed her book, and left the room with dignity.

Mrs. Thayer continued her packing; continued it, indeed, with an increased energy which seemed to imply that nothing should ever induce her to desert the Tyrol. Still, it was disconcerting. Part of the pleasure in going to Europe is in being looked upon as a privileged creature by one's envious friends, and to be actually looked down upon because one was going to the Tyrol, was really quite unendurable. So it was with a little pat of added fierceness that the lady put more and more "things" into her trunk, and if the luggage were to have been labelled at all, she would certainly have fastened a tag to it marked very conspicuously "Tyrol."

Nevertheless, in the seclusion of her own chamber that night, she might have been heard to say to her husband with decision :

“ Henry, I think it is very foolish for you to insist on going to Europe in this way, summer after summer.”

“ We have only been twice,” murmured Henry, in some astonishment.

“ But once is enough. That is, until we have seen something of our own country. Of course, one wants to go once—”

“ I have noticed that one did,” murmured the Imperturbable.

“ And, of course, if one wants art, or history, or associations, or architecture, one must go to Europe for them. Or if you want to study something. But we are only going for the summer, and to see scenery; and I don't suppose any scenery in Europe can compare with what there is in the north-west. The guide-books say—”



“ My dear, you surely don’t believe all the guide-books say to be true ? ”

“ If only an eighth of it is true, we ought to see it,” said Mrs. Thayer with great decision.

So it happened that at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Thayer, known henceforth in these pages as the Convert, announced that as Henry was so anxious to go to the Yellowstone, she had consented to give up the Tyrol ; Mr. Thayer having merely stipulated that for sacrificing his ocean voyage, he should be allowed to take the party as far as St. Paul by way of the Great Lakes.

At St. Paul they would meet the Ruthvens, who would come up from their ranch to join the party ; Donald and Annie Ruthven, better known to their immediate friends as The Romantic and The Man of Sense, or The Optimist and The Man of Resources, or The Parsimonious and The Extravagant, or The Diligent Suggester of Unnecessary Articles

and The Meek Carrier of the Same. It had been harder to persuade the Man of Sense to give up his ranch, than to induce the Imperturbable to sacrifice his trip to Europe; but the Romantic had, of course, carried the day at last, and the afternoon of the ninth of August found them all dining merrily in the dining-car of the Northern Pacific, as the long train swept slowly out of St. Paul.

“First impression of a trip to the Yellowstone: extreme cold,” said the Man of Sense, with chattering teeth, as he rose the next morning to find the thermometer of the Diligent Suggester standing at 58°.

“You forget that your first impression was that of an exceedingly good dinner,” remarked the Maiden with frigid dignity.

“True; a dinner combining all the luxuries of the north-west, with the admirable berry pie of my New England ancestors. Besides, Ma-

bel, you misunderstood me ; I rather like the thermometer at 58° in August."

"*Absolve-te*," answered the Maiden graciously, and the party passed, after a whiff of the appetizing October breeze on the platform, into the cheerful breakfast car, with its sideboard glittering with cool fruits, and its atmosphere redolent of coffee and hot cakes.

"O, Mabel ! look at the wind on that field of grain. It is perfectly lovely," exclaimed the Convert.

"I know it," said the Maiden, without, however, lifting her eyes from her omelet and hot rolls. "But don't call my attention to it. Papa said if I wrote any thing more in my letters about the 'waving wheat fields of Dakota,' or that fish that people are always catching in a cold river at the Yellowstone and cooking in a hot one without taking it off the hook, or the egg that they are forever boiling in a geyser, he should stop corresponding with me. And papa's

letters, you know, are valuable. He said I was only to mention it in case I found that we could catch and boil the fish in the same river."

At four o'clock that afternoon they entered the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. Whist and magazines were discarded, and for two or three hours no other amusement was necessary than to look from the car windows; almost in a few minutes, as it seemed, they had passed from broad level tracts like the Kansas prairies, to plains dotted so thickly with the little low round hills known as buttes, that the comparison of a checker-board covered with checkers was the first to suggest itself. Sometimes the buttes rose higher in fantastic pinnacles and grotesque turrets; but as a rule they were little, and low, and round, owing their impressiveness, not to what they were, but to the testimony that they bore to the tremendous agencies which had made them what they were. For these were

no soft, grass-grown hills ; neither were they splendid masses of great rock. Their hardness and roughness were more terrible than that of rock, as a human face wrinkled and scarred with wounds is more terrible than one cut out of stone. For these had been mounds of beautiful soft gray or blue clay, with streaks of innocent lignite, till terrific pressure or centuries of consuming heat had made them what they are : masses of conglomerate hard as rock, but many-colored as a painted wall, wearing still the sign of their constant martyrdom in rings of pale-blue fire showing half-way up at the surface ; the sure signal that the pale-blue clay that is still pale shall yield at last, though it take ten thousand years, to the silent force that is eating its heart out, and has left its sides worn and wrinkled with the slow agony.

“Volcanoes, or glaciers?” inquired the Imperturbable.

"A little of both, I guess. But if that's what it is to go through fire and water, I think I'm very thankful for not having been born a butte," said the Man of Sense devoutly.

"Such lovely colors," murmured the Romantic. "Black and gray, and brown and blue, and the richest red. It's a mountain with a Joseph's coat."

"One that he'd just as lief not wear, I take it. The colors are in stripes like a convict's, and it is a sign of bondage."

"But what do they mean by talking of Dakota and Montana ranches?" asked the Man of Sense, whose ranch was in Kansas. "They say some of the best of them are here in the Bad Lands; but I should as soon think of trying to pasture cattle on the brink of a volcano, for comfort, or on a sand beach for fertility. Think of trying to hunt up your herd for the night, in and out of the buttes! Why, one cow would keep you chasing her for

twenty-four hours round one of them ; to say nothing of the chances that, while you were running round one of them, she had taken to another. With a herd of ten thousand, taking separately to ten thousand buttes I should think the life of a Dakota herder would be a burden."

"Ah! but they don't herd up here, you know ; and they hunt up their stock only twice a year."

"True, that explains the meaning of the 'round-ups.' 'Round' and 'up,' that's an easy definition of a butte. Round and round, and occasionally up ; I prefer a straight run on the prairie with the enemy always in sight."

"What should you think of hunting Indians through this sort of country then? Here is where some of those campaigns were fought, when you couldn't lie down at night with the least assurance that the enemy were not just

round the corner. Patrol one butte, and there was another just in front of it, where he was equally likely to be."

It was almost dark when they passed through the brisk little settlement made famous by the Marquis of Mores, and a dozen or twenty shots, around, above, and below them, made the ladies turn pale and startled even the gentlemen.

"It's only cowboys," said the porter with a superior smile.

"Oh!" said the Romantic, with a sigh of relief. "I thought it was pistols!"

"They allers fires jes' as we're getting off," explained Sam, for the further relief of the ladies' nerves.

They were to spend a few days at Fort Keogh *en route* to the Park, and would reach the garrison at the unearthly hour of two in the morning. They had begged their military cousins not to sit up for them; they would



leave the cars at Miles City, spend the rest of the night at a hotel, and drive in to the fort early in the morning. But such is not the etiquette of military hospitality on the frontier. Into the cars at Miles City, before they could alight, came the bright buttons of their host, the captain, who had driven two miles at midnight in the ambulance to forbid their sleeping anywhere but under his roof. So they kept on to the little station at the fort, left the cars catching the good omen from a distant sentry, "Two o'clock, and all is well!" and stole through the sleeping garrison to the pretty house where the lights were still shining out on the veranda.

They had timed their visit accidentally at a most auspicious season. The Inspector-General was making his annual inspection, and every sort of military tactic known to man would have to be exhibited in the next two days. In spite of their broken night, they

were up early the next morning, that the Maiden might lose nothing in her first experience of military life, and they were none too early for the first cordial greetings of hospitality on the frontier. At nine o'clock people were beginning to call; at eleven, ladies were sending apologies for not having yet called; and in the evening the piazza fairly glittered with lieutenants, captains, majors and colonels.

"If you have a colonel," whispered the Maiden to the Romantic, "I think you might let me have two lieutenants."

And in sooth those were radiant days for the Maiden; dress parades, cavalry drill, guard mount, and battalion drill, with rides and drives and little dances and moonlight converse on piazzas, filled the shining hours for her with delight, and stored the future with memories.

At luncheon the second day she announced with flushed cheeks:

“The Inspector has ordered a genuine sham battle for this afternoon! Haven’t you a few bright buttons in your trunk,” turning to the Diligent Suggester, “that we could sew on to Donald’s and Henry’s coats? They will look so insignificant on the battle-field without any.”

“Enlighten me, Mabel,” said the Imperturbable. “I haven’t the faintest idea what a ‘genuine sham’ can be.”

“No?” said the Maiden sweetly. “It is what I suppose you meant when you told somebody last winter that some of the California wines were almost as good as ‘genuine sham’-pagne.”

“Captain C.—is to be defeated,——” she continued.

“By the lieutenant?” murmured the Imperturbable.

“And the railroad is to be a river, and they are going to burn grass for bridges, and attack,

and patrol, and picket, and fire forty rounds of blank cartridges, and——”

“Die?” asked the Man of Sense.

“If necessary,” was the haughty reply.

“The spoils to the victor being——”

“For heroes, the consciousness of victory is enough.”

The sham battle was of course a grand affair, and the talk that evening naturally ran on the genuine struggle of the north-west. Not so many years ago Gen. Miles, conceiving the original idea that if it was harder for his troops to fight and follow with the thermometer at 40° below zero, it would be much harder in proportion for the thriftless and unprepared Indians, instituted those brilliant and successful, but terrible winter campaigns, when the officers sitting at night before blazing fires in what were then the log-cabins of Fort Keogh, would receive suddenly from an orderly Gen. Miles' command to be “on the road in an hour.”

The verdureless hills everywhere surrounding the fort were still called buttes, and with their singular effects of battlement and tower, domes, pinnacles and entire castles, were a continual delight to the strangers; though the ladies of the garrison shook their heads and said that in time one came to long for a green New England slope. But at sunset the view of these buttes, crimson in the rich light, was strangely magnificent.

"I think," said a lady who had called to take them to drive one afternoon, "I will drive you out on the Rosebud."

"Do," said the Imperturbable, gathering in the lap robes. "I have long wished to drive on a Rosebud—with a careful driver."

"I know what the Rothbud ith," lisped a five-year-old. "It'h Rothbud Avenue!"

This still was very mysterious, till they came to the beautiful road, following the banks of the Yellowstone and winding in and out under

great arching trees, with perfect groves of low wild roses on either side of it, the whole length of the drive.

"It is simply fairy-land when they are all in blossom at once, in June," explained the lady. "Now I'm going to show you a pretty bit of Tongue River; it empties into the Yellowstone, you know, just below us, at Miles City."

"And how long do you suppose this little Tongue River is?" asked the captain, as they came at last to the quaint little stream, hardly wider than a good-sized brook, but with high, stiff banks of clay that had all the dignity of cliffs.

"Ten miles, perhaps?"

"Three hundred."

"Well," said the Imperturbable, his glance falling as if by accident on the golden head of the Maiden, "I have known tongues that looked extremely small and insignificant, but that could run as long and as fast—"

"As this dear little Tongue River," interrupted the Maiden, demurely, "when it was a question of getting to the Yellowstone."

The time came, however, when if they were really going to the park they must no longer content themselves with dwelling on the banks of the Yellowstone, but must follow it to its source. They would have to take the cars again at the unearthly hour of two in the morning; so there was a long evening of prolonged planning on the piazza for some mystic future excursion to the park, in which cavalry escorts and government tents and camping outfits were to play a prominent part; then a few furtive naps on lounges and in easy chairs, spoiled by the friendly warning of the corporal of the guard, "Half-past one, sir," and the little party once more stole through the sleeping garrison and into the dim and silent corridor of the sleeper on the Northern Pacific.

"Good-by," said the Imperturbable, as he

gave his cousin, the captain, a final grasp of the hand. "If you don't mind, I think I'll come out again next summer, and struggle some more with the difficulties of frontier life."

The next day, in the cars, was one of extreme heat. It was cheering to remember that night would find them in the famous park, of whose reputed snow and ice and frost in the middle of August it was refreshing to think. Nothing diversified the day but the sudden switching off to a siding, and the hurrying of the gentlemen to the platform.

"The tea-train," is the sole explanation vouchsafed, as they hasten on.

It was not a very remarkable sight; the long train of closed freight cars; but it had an overwhelming sense of its own importance, and each car was conspicuously labelled, "First shipment overland of Japan teas. 3,000 tons."

As they left the cars at Livingston the heat



in the valley was intense. "We can see snow on the mountains," wrote the Maiden, on a postal, to the captain's wife at Fort Keogh, "but we are none the cooler for it yet." Patience! Only three hours more, and they would be in the marvelous precincts of the park.

Patience! The Maiden kept repeating it softly to herself, for her heart was heavy with unspoken dread. She knew her guide-book; she knew that this approach to the park from Livingston was counted one of the wonders of the trip. She knew that they were passing through the "Gate to the Mountains," and that this was the Lower Cañon of the Yellowstone. But she had been through Colorado, and refused to accept this for a cañon. She could repeat by heart long passages of description which recounted the glories of this "magnificent valley" with its "superb panorama," its "sombre gorges," through which "foaming

torrents plunged down the steeps," its "bald summits of limestone or granite, that had resisted the storms of centuries, standing out in sharp and frowning outline against the cloudless sky, or else veiling their awful majesty in fleecy mists or purple haze." She had heard of the "seething abysses," the "sublime spectacle of eagles and other birds of prey hovering in the air, with glimpses of startled antelope and elk caught on the mountain crags, while myriads of wild geese and ducks haunted the feeding-grounds on the margin of the river." But for the life of her she could see nothing from the car windows but some very decent scenery; rather good mountains with a little snow on them, a pretty stream flowing through a respectable valley, and a horse or two. Fortunately the Convert had never been to Colorado. The Maiden noticed with a sense of relief that her sister was really quite delighted with the scene, and was con-

vinced that this was a cañon. She saw her listening with awe to the familiar fact that mountains which looked in the translucent atmosphere as if you could reach them in a few minutes, were really ten or twelve miles away. It was much to be thankful for that the Convert had nothing but the Tyrol with which to compare this first cañon of the Yellowstone; but for her, who had seen Colorado, ah! what should she do if the Yellowstone were not so fine after all as the Royal Gorge and Mosquito Pass, and Clear Creek Cañon, and the tiny Green Lake at Georgetown.

“Pretty good scenery just now,” she heard the tremendous voice of a tall Texan behind her exclaim with emphasis. “But I shouldn’t like it in winter. How do you manage to live here all the year round?” he inquired of a man reading a newspaper, whose indifference to a seat next the window proclaimed that he was not a tourist.

“Live here!” exclaimed the equally tall Montanan, straightening himself up with indignant excitement. “I’d rather be a barber’s pole in Montana than the governor of your whole state!”

The Maiden smiled, and was reassured. O there must be something coming! there must be something!

“Are you a coupon, sir?” asked a quiet voice as they stepped from the cars at Cinabar.

“No.”

“Would you like my team, then?”

“Yes.”

It was one of those inspirations which sometimes do not deceive the impulsive traveler. Concord coaches, with inviting outside seats, stood about, and the Convert was gazing at them rather longingly, with the reminiscences they suggested of jolly times in her youth at the White Mountains. But the Man of Sense

knew a man when he saw one. Any one so unlike a New York hackman as this quiet fellow with a team not intended to interfere with the "coupons," was a person to be cultivated. Into his three-seated team they stepped at once.

The road was not yet reassuring. It was dull, dusty, glaring and disappointing. It brightened a little as they entered the park; there began to be pretty streams tumbling gracefully over rather fine rocks, with occasionally a nice little view or picturesque wall of stone. But the heart of the Maiden confessed to itself that they need not have come two or three thousand miles to see that; it was quite as pretty up at the dear little White Hills in New Hampshire, and a thousand times lovelier in Colorado.

On they crept; up the steep, narrow road, through cold, dull woods of uninteresting dead trees. Really, it was almost horrid.

Then suddenly, without an instant's warning, they swept into a magnificent natural Plaza. Mountains hemmed it in, rising one above another and giving glimpses through the rifts between them of those rare and glorious views which are not frequent in the park, but which do exist ; though the traveler, bewildered with greater and finer wonders, reaches a point when he takes a mere "view," as a matter of course, hardly noticed, and passed over in his diary without comment. Mountains to the right of them, mountains in front of them, mountains behind them, though the plaza was itself so high and so open that there was no stifling sense of being shut in by mountains as there is at the Profile House in New Hampshire, for instance ; and to the left of them—what?

Apparently a sheeted mountain, ready for burial. Between the dark hills rising like sentinels around it, a plateau of many acres, with

great terraces leading up to it, lay covered, not with snow, but with something white as snow, thrown alike over plateau and terraces, cold, spectral, weirdly silent, in the faint dusk just lit by a young moon. It was not dead; Vesuvius itself were hardly more alive; for this was the mountain of the Mammoth Hot Springs, with a fiery and living torture at its heart, and in all its veins, which centuries of scalding tears had not helped to quench, though it had wrapped itself of its own weaving in this cold white mantle of stately, uncomplaining silence.

"You mean," said the Man of Sense, when the Romantic had reached this stage of explanation, "that what looks like ice, a frozen Niagara, is really rock, built up of a deposit chiefly calcareous, taken up in solution by the hot water forcing its way to the surface through cretaceous strata, and solidified by evaporation."

"Yes," said the Romantic meekly, "that is what I meant."

“And you were quite right, my dear. That is exactly what it is.”

In another moment they were at the steps of the hotel, gazing curiously at the long and wide veranda, eloquent of at least one place left in the United States where it is still possible to “rough it.” Complete emancipation from Worth spoke in the flannel dresses of the ladies, the booted, belted and spurred appearance of the gentlemen, the broad *sombreros* of the waiting guides. Piazza chairs there were in abundance, but nobody seemed to be occupying them. No one wanted to rest. This was no weary waiting-place for tired chaperons, watching for the young people to come back from their “good times.” The chaperons themselves were having “good times.” Pacing the piazza, leaning over the railing to gaze at the new-comers, chatting in eager groups full of excitement over to-day’s excursion or to-morrow’s plans, all was gay



alertness, with the cheerful restlessness of people whose veins are alive with keen vitality.

Nor was the charm lost when they stepped within. The immense cool spaces of the corridors—the Extravagant calculating roughly that he could place the whole of his house in town at one end of the western hall and still have considerable space for grounds—the walls thickly studded with horns of the elk and deer and with heads of the buffalo and mountain sheep, the hard floors on which lynx, wild-cat and bear, stuffed, but singularly life-like, seemed to be running about at ease, all spoke of strange and new experience.

“Oh, Anna!” exclaimed the Maiden, in a burst of relief from the overcharged heart; “the uniqueness has begun!”

“I notice,” said the Man of Sense, “a pleasing absence of band, and of halls for dancing. It argues well for a place where people are

having too good a time in other ways to care to dance."

Pleasant little parlors there were, but the great corridors up-stairs, fitted up with fire-places and easy chairs and tables, were evidently the favorite lounging-places, if indeed at the Yellowstone any one ever wanted to lounge.

"I always supposed it was the Hot Springs that were mammoth, didn't you? But it seems it's the bed-rooms," said the Convert, as she was ushered into a corner chamber with four immense windows, and a ceiling so high that, as the Man of Sense remarked, any angels watching over their slumbers would be too far away for practical assistance in case of burglars.

"You are right, my dear, as you always are," said the Man of Sense later, as they descended to the supper room. "It is evidently the bed-rooms that are mammoth, not the chops." He

looked ruefully at the morsel of mutton which was supposed to raise canned peaches and very thin cake to the dignity of "supper."

"Nor does the tea seem to have gained the strength which I had been fondly led to believe every thing did at the Yellowstone."

But what was supper to the Romantic, or to the Maiden? It seemed a waste of time even to order it.

"It does, indeed," murmured the Imperturbable as he asked for another chop. "May I ask," he added, "what the opinion of the Optimist is, in regard to this meal?"

"I'm not hungry," said the patient Optimist.

"How fortunate! But I suppose we must not expect every thing in any one place. At Yellowstone Park I have an appetite, and at home I have something to eat."

They would stay here another day for they knew that the great springs and the terraces,

known at the hotel as "The Formation," were well worth being more than gazed at from the piazza. The gentlemen after supper sauntered to the office to study into the best methods of traveling through the park, when they should be ready to leave the springs, and the ladies lingered in the halls and wandered out on the piazzas, amused beyond measure at what the Maiden had well described as the "uniqueness" of the Mammoth Hot Springs as a summer hotel.

In the first place, there was no music, and no dancing. Nobody wanted to dance; nobody wanted to listen to a band. Every body wanted to talk. Eager tourists, just coming from the grand tour of the park, sprang from their outside seats on the Concord coaches that pranced magnificently with six horses into the great plaza and up to the steps of the hotel. They were alert, unwearied, longing to pour out their souls as to the wonders they had

seen ; indifferent even to their waiting supper.

“For more reasons than one,” murmurs the Imperturbable, who could never be made to understand that he was paying four dollars a day, not for the luxuries of the Park Hotel, but for the difficulty in bringing any supplies at all into the park. The Extravagant insisted that all the luxuries of the season could be brought perfectly well to a hotel within eight miles of a railroad that supplied its patrons all the way to Oregon with admirable dinners of seven or eight courses.

Eager tourists who had not yet started into the park stood about, as willing to be talked to as the new arrivals were to talk. In corners lounged the listless guides, their hands in their pockets, the only indifferent people present; for it is part of the comfort of this grand excursion that with every thing under government control, even to the price of a photograph, there is

no importuning, no restless search for custom, no bitter effort to beat each other down, in those who have any thing to provide. It is possible to estimate your expenses to a cent; for there are no "side-shows," no "attractions," to be paid extra for at every turn of the road. If you are camping out, you may go safely into the park without a cent in your pocket, except such as you may care to invest in fresh milk or hot biscuit from the hotels, as luxuries for your camp breakfast table. Fascinating donkeys stood saddled round the piazzas. Pack-trains of patient mules wandered up to the steps, as the prancing Concord coaches whirled away, to have their heavy burdens of tent canvas and blankets unslung and dropped in picturesque *abandon* at the feet of the wild-eyed lynx, or big black bear in the corridor. Camp-fires glimmered through the darkness of the woods surrounding the hotel, and over the cool surface of the snowy terraces of

"The Formation" shone faintly the new moon.

But perhaps the oddest thing of all was the general friskiness of the quite elderly people who were the *dramatis personæ*. These people who had had "such a perfectly splendid time" were not gushing school-girls, to delight in any landscape accompanied by olives and a few congenial comrades. They were experienced travelers, who had seen the Tyrol and the Saguenay. They were bearded men, not given to enthusiasm, who were now button-holing equally elderly friends and exclaiming: "Why, I tell you, man, we saw" — etc., etc., etc. The Maiden listened with special eagerness for the reply of one excited tourist, whose tale had been interrupted by the quiet remark from his interlocutor, an old man with snowy hair and beard:

"Yes, yes; I know; but is it—do you think I shall find it—any better than Colorado?"

And the heart of the Maiden glowed within her as the answer came :

“ My dear Mr. Forbes, if a visitor from a strange planet were to be permitted the sight of but one thing on the surface of this earth, I should say let him see the gorge of the Yellowstone Cañon, just below the falls ! ”

The gentlemen of their own party were now seen approaching, but with puzzled brows. It seemed that with all their much studying of guide-books, they had come quite unprepared for the genuine emergency.

“ Did you know that the Upper Geyser Basin is *fifty-six miles* from here, and that the lake is seventy or eighty miles, and the falls and the cañon nearly seventy miles ? ”

“ Mercy, no ! ” exclaimed the ladies.

“ And that if we go by the regular stage route we shall be expected to make the whole of that fifty-six miles to the Upper Geysers in one day ? To think that we gave up going out



of the park by way of Beaver Cañon, because they said it would be a hundred miles' staging that we should have to do in two days, only to get here and find that fifty miles' staging a day is the average expected of us all through the park!"

"Fortunately, though, we are not what Phillips calls coupons,'" added the Extravagant. "Their tickets allow them five days in the park, which sounds beautifully when you are in New York. But the trip in the cars from Livingston to Cinnabar is counted as one of the days; they get here at the springs about seven o'clock of that day, when it is too dark to look at any thing but the formation from the piazza, and they leave after a half-past-six breakfast the next morning for that awful fifty-six miles by stage to the Upper Geysers. They get there about seven o'clock at night, and leave again right after breakfast the next morning for the forty-mile trip to the falls.

They can't go to the lake, for there is no accommodation there for the night, and it is too long a jaunt for one day, even to these inveterate stages. So they have a little longer respite than usual at the falls ; but they leave at eleven o'clock to spend the whole of their last two precious days in getting back where they started from, over precisely the same road ! ”\*

“ The life of a ‘ coupon ’ can not be worth living,” murmured the Imperturbable with solemnity. “ It is literally with them a case where the morning and the evening are the first day, and the morning and the evening are the second day, and so on through the whole precious five. They have an hour or two after supper and before breakfast at the points worth seeing ; all the rest of the time they are in a stage.”

And the Extravagant would have been even more eloquent after the experience which he

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\* A new road now makes this unnecessary.

was soon to have of the extreme dullness of the roads.

“Under these circumstances,” announced the Man of Resources, “we think of hiring our own private team, to go as we please.”

“Of course,” exclaimed the ladies.

“But even then there are difficulties. There are only four hotels in the park after we leave here, and one of those we shall have to reach every night at all hazards. By paying our four dollars a day at these hotels, we shall be better off than the unfortunate ‘coupons’ in being able to stay at each place as long as we please; but we can’t go to the lake any better than they can.”

“So, with this combination of circumstances,” continued the Man of Resources, “what do you say to providing ourselves with a complete outfit, and camping-out?”

“Perfectly lovely!” exclaimed the ladies.

But with this arrangement there was even

more to talk about and plan. So I shall leave them for a few moments struggling with perplexities, while I make a special plea of my own.

One word, however, first in regard to the coupons. To call unfortunate the purchasers of the round trip tickets from St. Paul, which include the fare by railway, a Pullman section, meals on the train, staging and five days' board in the park, is not by any means to imply that the railroad is not as good as its word. To give all this for \$120, which is very little more than the ordinary full fare from St. Paul to Cinnabar and back, without meals or section, and without seeing the park at all, is an arrangement which is certainly a most generous concession from the railway authorities. There can be no manner of doubt that the purchasers of such tickets make a great bargain, and receive far more than their money's worth. It is not claimed for an

instant that the railroad ought to do any thing more. It is you yourself that ought to do something more. One does not go to the Yellowstone for the sake of making a bargain. It is emphatically one of those cases when it is more blessed to give than to receive. You had much better make the railroad a little present, in paying their full fares, than accept a quite munificent present from the railroad, which, generous though it is, limits you in your facilities. People who can afford to spend \$120, in addition to what it costs them to go to St. Paul to begin with, can usually afford to pay twenty, thirty or fifty dollars more, and see the park as it ought to be seen. It is quite true that the purchasers of coupon tickets do not, as a rule, complain of the shortness of the trip, nor have they any right to complain. They will usually tell you they had their money's worth, and so they have had; only they might have had a great deal

more for a very little more money. Only those who have traveled through the park in other ways, and so know what has been missed as well as what has been seen, can fully realize the foolishness of being attracted by the fact of securing five days for \$120. The "coupons" even, have a way of sometimes glorying in their degradation. They will tell you with the greatest pride that they have "made fifty-two miles that day," as if their sole object in coming to the Yellowstone had been to see how fast and how far very slow horses could go over very poor roads.

And now for my special plea.

It is for a railroad through the Yellowstone Park.

The words look perfectly barbarous. All of us, before we go, exult in the thought of the Congress with a soul, that set apart this great and beautiful pleasure-ground for the happiness of the American people. No thought of

gain should mingle with its loveliness ; no railroad should desecrate it : no monopolists should drive away all but millionaires ; no rival interests should cheapen things with a net-work of routes and a tangle of hotels. There should be a few hotels, under government control, and a few stages for the infirm, but it should be first, and eminently, and perpetually a place where the escaped dweller in cities could "rough it" as he pleased, and taste, with the wonders of the park itself, the delights of freedom, and the joys of the happy mountaineer.

All this is beautiful, on paper. But of the change of heart experienced on going there, I think it is only necessary to assert that the railroad company, anxious enough to secure the right to lay a track through the Park to give a free pass for the journey to every Congressman, and to insist on his going there under present conditions, will, if a vote be taken immediately afterward, secure unanimous consent to the

introduction of so much civilization into the wonderful wilderness.

I say advisedly "*a* track." Of course, there should be no net-work of rails all over the park, neither monopolies nor rival roads; but there should be one track, under government control, serving simply as a connecting link between the five or six points where the tourist who now spends all his time on the road would fain linger.

The reasons why such an innovation would be no desecration are easily stated. It can do no possible harm to tell the whole truth about the Yellowstone, and to acknowledge that while the great park contains certainly the seven wonders of the world in natural magnificence, the great spaces between these different wonders are immense distances of utterly uninteresting scenery, which one traverses over roads covered with a white blinding dust which is very nearly intolerable. It is true that the hot



springs and the geysers and the paint-pots and the falls and the cañon and the lake and the many-colored pools, are worth any amount of trouble in getting to them; but it is also true that they are worth taking any amount of trouble to lessen the trouble; and since it could all be removed by so simple a thing as a few rails and a locomotive, it is certainly a pity that a state of things should be left existing which prevents the very young, the very old, the very fastidious, or the very weak, from enjoying the real wonders of such a journey. Nay, we might eliminate the "very"; many ladies of average strength, whose husbands were hunting outside the park, spent the two or three weeks of waiting at the Mammoth Hot Springs and went home again, some of them to England, without attempting to see the geysers or the cañon, utterly unable to stand the fatigue of a trip to them. Add to the children too young for such a journey, and

to the people too old, too fastidious, or too delicate, the many who are too poor, and it will be painfully evident that very few Americans will ever be able to derive any profit from their National Park and Wonderland under the present *régime*.

It is always to be borne in mind that the Yellowstone is not a "pretty" place. Fifty miles staging a day in the Adirondacks or the Catskills, or the White Mountains, would be only one more pleasure in the trip; but the average scenery of the Yellowstone is not only not especially interesting, but it is especially uninteresting. I am not jesting when I say that until there is a railroad, I should pray to be conveyed from point to point through the park in a tight-fitting Black Maria to exclude the dust and glare, with a conscientious driver who would open the door once to let me look out, at the Golden Gate, the Obsidian Cliffs, the Gibbon Cañon, and the view on the

Divide. The guide-books that would fain make you believe the entire country from St. Paul to be a vast and magnificent panorama of splendid and awe-inspiring scenery, may not intend to deceive, but they do. While it is entirely true that the real wonders of the park are far more glorious and sublime than any words in any guide-book can lead you to conceive, it is equally true that the Beaver Lakes, and Swan Lakes and Lakes of the Woods, and Elk Parks, and Willow Parks that are mentioned as constant alleviations on the road, afford the tourist only such amusement as can be found in discovering an "exquisite sheet of water" to be a horrid little marsh, or at best a rather pretty pond, and finding a "lovely valley" to be a little strip of really green grass with a few trees that happen to be alive. A railway would not desecrate the scenery, because there is no scenery to desecrate. It would not scare away the game, because there

is very little game to scare ; and Congress does not let you hunt what there is. It would not discourage camping, but on the contrary would facilitate it. If there were a railroad from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the lake, you could spend three hours in the cars and three days camping out in the beautiful woods at the lake, instead of reversing the process and spending three days in getting there, as you have to now, and having only three hours at the lake itself. It would be a shame to introduce rails to interfere with horseback excursions, or the following of trails with pack-mules in the dear old-fashioned ways ; but it is to be remembered that the park is an immense area of more than three thousand square miles, to which it is probable that Congress will soon add another three thousand square miles ; so that there is plenty of room for both rails and trails. The railroad need only run just where the stages run now. Then you could see

"Swan Lake," if you wanted to, from the car windows, and reach the geysers in two hours, instead of twelve.

Nor should it be forgotten that such an arrangement would greatly facilitate seeing the finest geysers. The eruptions of the grandest only occur about once in fourteen days. It is quite impossible to time your journey from New York to reach the Upper Basin on the exact day for the Giant, or Beehive, or Giantess; but it is quite possible, on your return to the Firehole after having been to the geysers, the cañon and the lake, to find yourself within eleven miles of the Giantess on her "day." By rail you could run up to the geysers, see her in action, and run back again, in the time you now spend idling on the hotel piazza while waiting for the horses to rest.

In the meantime, however, there is no railway, and our friends as the next best thing would hire special teams and camp out. The

Extravagant at once hurried back to the office and could be heard giving royal orders for a princely retinue of teams, saddle-horses, guides, cooks, tents and supplies, till he was arrested by a fiery glance from the Parsimonious.

"I have been talking with Phillips," she announced. "He has an outfit, and will let us have two four-horse teams and two saddle-horses, a cook, two wall-tents with mattresses, and all utensils, for \$25 a day."

"Bravo, Parsimonious!"

"You know how much we liked him when he drove us up from Cinnabar. I am inclined to trust him because he said frankly, when we asked him how he thought we should like camping out, that the ladies of the last party didn't like it at all! And he thinks we could lay in enough supplies to last us ten days for \$75. That would be \$325 in all for ten days; or \$6.50 per day apiece."

"Most noble Parsimonious!"

“ If we went as the ‘coupons’ do, it would cost us \$9.00 per day apiece ; \$5.00 for staging and \$4.00 for hotels. Only,” she confessed with a sigh, “ we shall have to stay more days, going our way.”

“ But we shall have ten days in the park, and have so much more fun, for only \$20.00 apiece more than we should have to pay for five days and precious little fun on the regular routes.”

“ It is done ! ” said the Man of Sense.

“ And the \$75.00 for supplies,” added the Maiden, “ will include beer and a dog.”

“ So that if we are lost on any of the Alpine solitudes which you insist exist in the park, we can eat dog ? ”

“ No ; he is not a common dog. You won’t be allowed to eat him under any circumstances whatever. He is a dog that guards things. He is wed to the wagon, and nothing can induce him ever to leave it. They missed him once for two days, and found him on the road they

had just been over, guarding a pitchfork that had fallen out of the back of their load."

"Admirable creature! If we find him tiresome with the wagon, we need only drop a pitchfork and he will remain behind."

That night they slept the sleep of the just, waking to a cloudless morning for their tramp over the Formation. No guide is necessary, for the terraces are only a few steps from the hotel and you can not lose your way in rambling over them. Moreover, guides and their patrons are apt to differ so in their ideas of what is worth seeing that one may waste quite as much valuable time with one as without one. Insisting that one who advised us to take a special walk of two miles should tell us what was to be seen at the end of it, we wrung from him as his conception of sublimity :

"Why, you can look back and see the hotel!"

Still, the Extravagant thought they had



better have a guide. So, Phillips being busy with preparation for camping, Joseph was pressed into the service. It was very cool in the corridors of the hotel, but a single step from the piazza proved their light satine traveling dresses more comfortable than the blue flannel gowns still waiting for the reputed frost of the Yellowstone. Colored glasses were necessary to shield the eyes from the intense glare in the sunlight of the snowy terraces, dropping, one after another, for two miles from the dark pine woods above and around them, like a series of beautiful frozen cascades.

“I notice there is only one man who has the courage for figures,” said the Man of Sense, referring to his guide-books as they crossed the white plateau at the base of the extinct springs and paused at the foot of Old Liberty Cap, the cone of an extinct geyser, towering fifty feet into the air. “He seems to know all

about it, and declares that it took just fifty-four centuries to build up this thing."

"I can tell you who *he* is," said the knowing Joseph with a laugh. "He's the man that tells you the boiling river puts 50,000 barrels of hot water into the Gardiner every twenty-four hours. I've often told him he'd oughter have let us know when he was going to measure it."

"Any estimate of the age of the lower terrace would be purely conjectural," read the Man of Resources from another guide-book. "Still, I suppose there is no doubt about its being a matter of centuries. In that case, how soon do they expect to finish repairing the Devil's Thumb?"

For they had walked over to the smaller column which was not only extinct but crumbling with age and decrepitude. Art was endeavoring to assist nature and repair the waste by bringing water from the Hot Springs just above in

wooden troughs, letting it trickle down the sides of the cone and evaporate, to leave its snowy deposit to repair the ravages of time.

“Well, that feller that knows so much about the figgers,” explained Joseph, “says the Orange Geyser builds a foot in a century. And he says the Hot Springs will deposit a sixteenth of an inch in four days. All I know about it is, that I can put a beer-bottle under some of the falling water, and turn it round once or twice, and have it beautifully coated over with a white crust that won’t crumble, in a day or two.”

“Question: If you can coat a beer-bottle in a day or two, how long will it take to build a geyser-cone? Come, Mabel, you were last at your books.”

“Fifty-four centuries,” answered the Maiden promptly.

“Correct; you may go up to the head,” and

the Imperturbable pointed to the Upper Terrace towering above them.

It was not at all a steep climb, but they had to be wary about stepping into the little rills of hot water trickling down from the upper springs.

"What is that dust?" exclaimed the Convert suddenly. "I never saw dust rising from ice before."

"Well, marm," said the smiling Joseph, "In the first place, it ain't dust; and in the next place, it ain't ice. The dust is steam, and the ice is formation."

"Of course," said the Convert, "I ought to have known. But I can't divest myself of the idea that all this white rock is Arctic snow."

"Well, I don't know," said the Imperturbable. "This isn't exactly what I should call Arctic."

He had been, with the Maiden, the first to reach the top, and was gazing into the depths

of the first of the Mammoth Hot Springs. The wind had blown toward him a sudden whiff of the hot sulphurous steam, and he had stepped back quickly, only to find that he had stumbled into one of the innocent looking rills that was decidedly warm, even through his boot.

But what a magnificent sight it was! The whole snowy mass that had looked so cold and silent under the pale moon the night before, was now glowing, gleaming, pulsating with life under the morning sun. For perhaps a hundred acres the white surface was studded with brilliant pools, set like jewels, clear as diamonds, lovelier in color than opals, in rims of fretted frost, delicate as lace and firm as marble. Over these coralline edges trickles softly the gentle overflow of the lovely lakes—falling tremulously and without a sound, over the fluted, reed-like columns of the terraces below, only to leave them harder than they were before.

"Isn't it incredible," said the Man of Sense, "that water so particularly clear should hold any thing in solution so particularly hard."

"I don't know," murmured the Imperturbable, dreamily. "It's like the careless remark of a woman who has packed her trunks for Europe, that *some time* she would like to go to the Yellowstone; it sounds remarkably simple, but you will find before long that there is an adamantine purpose at the bottom of it."

"Are you sorry that you came?" demanded the Maiden, turning squarely to face him with her direct gaze.

"No, Mabel," answered the Imperturbable, almost with awe in his voice, as he glanced over the splendid scene, "I am not sorry."

"However," said the Maiden, as they turned away at last toward the woods, "I don't know that I resent the comparison. When a man wants to do any thing, he goes about it like

a great, noisy, inconsiderate geyser. Now, a woman——”

“Merely puts on all her jewels and smiles up at you as innocently as one of these quiet pools; but with a few of what the Romantic called last night ‘scalding tears’ in reserve for you, if you did but know it.”

They had reached by this time the curious little lake with hot springs bubbling up on one side of it, so that by choosing your spot you could have a bath at any temperature you pleased.

“Them as likes their bath hot goes in on the left,” explained the intelligent Joseph, “and them as likes it cold goes in on the right, and them as likes it middlin’ goes in in the middle.”

“I don’t think papa has heard about the lake,” said the Maiden to the Convert. “Don’t you think I might write him about its being hot and cold all at once?”

“No,” said the Convert with decision. “I’ll

tell you what I would do, Mabel. Papa pretends that he doesn't believe the stories about the Yellowstone, and that he doesn't want to hear any more about them. So I would take him at his word, and not tell him a thing. You'll find him curious enough before long."

They looked patiently at all the curiosities which Joseph insisted upon their seeing in the woods; but were glad to emerge at another part of the terrace where the view seemed even finer than before. Nothing but the warm bright air about them served to remind them that it was not winter. Even the exquisite coloring of the water, a lovely robin's-egg blue, and the almost gorgeous coloring of the terraces where part of the deposit had formed in columns or streaks of the richest orange and red, or of the daintiest pink or creamy-yellow, failed to detract from the general effect of acres upon acres of snow and ice. Hardly a mile away, a great hotel was filled to overflowing with summer



boarders; but here on these white heights of Alpine solitude, you seemed to be—

“With Greely in the Arctic circle,” insisted the Romantic.

The Man of Sense smiled slightly as he noticed that while she spoke she was fanning from her face with her straw hat the exceedingly warm breezes from a neighboring pool.

But even as he smiled, she caught him by the arm and demanded:

“Donald, what does that remind you of?”

She was pointing to the great white plateau below them that separates the upper from the lower terraces. A woman was slowly crossing it alone.

“It is Boughton’s ‘Priscilla,’ ” said the Man of Sense, instantly.

“Ah! I told you so. You laughed at me but you can not rid yourself, with all your good sense, of a feeling that it ought to be cold up here.”

“It is like the Cologne Cathedral,” said the Man of Resources, stooping to examine—(not to break off, O Government Detective thinking to spring upon me as I write!)—the exquisitely fretted rim of one of the basins. “There is a glorious and splendid whole, made up of detail as dainty as frost-work.”

Indeed, it seemed almost as if in this vast area of acre upon acre every square inch was worth bending down to examine. They took a last lingering look at Cleopatra’s Bowl, and then began the easy descent. How softly and slowly the noiseless little rills, not in the least like restless, turbulent cascades, slip over the rim of their beautiful basins and down the fluted walls of the terraces, may be judged from the fact that Joseph told them they could only go down the way they were descending because the wind that day was blowing the overflow toward the other side.

“Ah!” said the Maiden, with a happy sigh,

"it has been like going to Pompeii and Venice, and the Alps, and the Milan Cathedral, and the Arctic regions, all in one morning!"

"Yes, it has," assented the Convert, heartily.

"This is what the guide-book says about the pools," said the Man of Resources: "'One half expects to see a lovely naiad emerge with floating grace from her fantastically-carven covert, and gayly kiss her snowy hand through the blue wave.'"

"She would be a very warm naiad," remarked drily the Imperturbable, who could not conceive of any one's floating gracefully through water of the temperature that had trickled over his boot. "But there is no doubt at all that she would be trying to emerge."

Their appetite after the five-mile tramp made them grateful as they mounted the steps of the Hotel that supper the evening before of course meant a noon dinner. The colored waiters, however, were heard announcing "Lunch!

lunch!" through the halls, in a somewhat suspicious manner, and the meal was found indeed to be a luncheon with one syllable omitted.

"When do you dine?" inquired the puzzled Extravagant, as he descended to the dining-room again at six o'clock to find himself once more confronted with "supper" on the bill of fare and a single diminutive chop of about the size of a strawberry on his plate.

"Well, sir," acknowledged the unembarrassed darkey who seemed to be the only attempt at elegance in the banqueting hall, "we mostly don't dine, sir."

"Don't dine! Why not?"

"Well, sir, the tourists is mos' generally round in the park and don't care much about dinner."

The Man of Sense looked at the many tables, filled with people like themselves, staying at the springs for a day, or just returned from their excursion through the park, or actually board-

ing at the hotel for a week or two, as were many ladies waiting for their liege lords to return from bear-hunts outside the park.

And he sighed. Even the Man of Resources was reduced to that, and the party on retiring to their rooms opened the trunk of the Diligent Suggester in search of biscuit.

Half-past nine the next morning! The unfortunate "Coupons" had breakfasted three hours before, and had whirled away on their mad career through the park to reach the Upper Geysers before dark, without having seen any thing more of the formation than is seen from the hotel piazza. But the Man of Sense had decided that his party should camp for the night where the "Coupons" merely dined; so there was no hurry for them about starting, and they had indulged in a leisurely and quiet breakfast.

"Leisurely and quiet are good adjectives," comments the Imperturbable, looking over my

shoulder. "They seem to express a good deal and yet they don't tell any thing. It was leisurely, because even the hard-hearted waiter took pity on my piece of steak this morning and offered to get me another, for which I had to wait; and it was quiet because I had discovered that nothing was gained by making a row."

Immediately afterward they were summoned to the piazza. The caravan was ready, and Phillips wished the comments of his patrons before starting the team with supplies ahead, that luncheon might be ready for the party wherever they might decide to take their "nooning."

The Romantic and the Maiden were in ecstasies. It is true the noble steeds were not exactly champing their bits with impatience to be off, nor was there any thing princely in the general appearance of the retinue. There was, indeed, a somewhat striking likeness to a

prairie schooner about each of the teams, and the saddle-horses presented every guarantee that they would be "safe." But it was all redolent of fun and freedom and "good times." It was very complete. Straps and buckles, and little bags and boxes were fastened to the wagons for every conceivable necessity. The camera was slung neatly to the canvas roof; the lantern hung bewitchingly over the canvas for the tents; beer peeped from under the driver's seat, and Bob was wagging his tail in his eagerness to start.

"I hope you haven't forgotten Bob's pitchfork?" whispered the Imperturbable to the Maiden. "We might want it, you know."

"If you are thinking to persuade Bob to stay behind some day," answered the Maiden loftily, "any thing will do to keep him there. It is not at all necessary that the thing should be a pitchfork. He would guard an

extinct tomato-can just as faithfully as he would a diamond ring."

It was a matter of regret to the Maiden that the coffee-pot did not dangle underneath the wagon as she had seen it in genuine prairie-schooners. But Phillips, while, as he expressed it, no dude, had "some kind of style about him," and objected to visible coffee-pots on the road.

"I feel," said the Man of Resources, examining the supplies admiringly, "like Eugene Wrayburn when he took an inventory of his new kitchen: 'Miniature flour-barrel, rolling-pin, spice-box, shelf of brown jars, chopping-board, coffee-mill, dresser elegantly furnished with crockery, saucepans and pans, roasting-jack, a charming kettle, an armory of dish-covers.' The moral influence of these objects, in forming the domestic virtues, may have an immense influence upon us. In fact, Henry, I think I trace already, in the increased interest



of the ladies in matters of simplicity, the happy influences of the little flour-barrel and the coffee-mill."

"All right, Phillips!" was the final verdict; and with a wave of his hand and the royal edict to the cook, "Lunch on the Gardiner! we'll be there by one o'clock," Phillips dismissed the vehicle of tents and supplies, while the ladies went in to finish packing the trunks to be left behind, and the traveling-bags to be taken with them.

In another hour they, too, were ready to start. Nothing daunted their enthusiasm, for they had confidence in Phillips.

And because he proved in every way deserving of it to the end, I would fain give here a little pen and ink portrait of our admirable guide, philosopher, and friend. His quiet voice and attractive face promised at first sight the gentle manners of one essentially refined in nature, and he had the ready intelli-

gence of one who had had few advantages of education, but who had been thrown much among educated people, and had caught more at second-hand than many disciples of the schools. He was never ashamed to confess his ignorance where he was ignorant, and it was easy to see that each successive camping-party had been made to contribute something to his store of book-learning not learned from books. In his own field he needed no master. A mighty hunter, familiar with the wilds of Wyoming and Idaho and Montana, he yet knew his National Park every inch of the way, and with an eye like a hawk he would draw the team up suddenly to show you a bear track close to the wagon, or to point out a herd of antelope a mile away that you could only distinguish through a glass. He was a man always better than his word, and you felt this even before you knew it. If he said frankly that the ladies on his last trip had not enjoyed

the camping, you were morally certain that it was all the ladies' fault. He understood your needs better than you understood them yourself, and had even hired a pair of field-glasses, lest you should not have brought any. If he announced that it would be a bitterly cold night, you need not tremble; there would be blankets enough. If he warned you that he would not be able to carry much china, the chances were ten to one that you would find the whole table-service of china. If your heart sunk with fear as you heard him muttering in alarm, "Dear me! dear me! dear me!" it was probable that no more dread catastrophe had occurred than his remembrance of having forgotten to bring along a nice little library for the use of the ladies on rainy days.

"And he is a man," adds the Man of Resources, "who can stow away an open tomato-can half full of juice, and then jolt over

twenty miles of National Park without spilling a drop."

The start was certainly a great success. The day was heavenly; the roads for a few miles are exceedingly good, especially as you sweep through the grand and impressive "Golden Gate," and the fine white dust and glare had not as yet become intolerable.

"It is like a sleigh ride in August," said the Maiden, adjusting her blue glasses as they swept round a snowy curve in the road in fine style. "And with your glasses on, you have all the effects of moonlight at noon."

So they were still unwearied and enthusiastic when, at one o'clock, they looked down from the brow of a little hill to see a camp fire burning brightly on the edge of a pine wood: grass studded with blue gentians spread for a carpet at their feet, the Gardiner River flowing cheerily within easy reach, the mountains with light snow on them beautiful in the distance.

And it was their own, their very own camp fire! A hot luncheon was ready for them, and the delicious odor in the air was coffee. When the Diligent Suggester produced napkins, their happiness was complete.

An hour or two after luncheon, however, the long drive began to grow tedious.

"When does the scenery begin?" inquired the Convert wearily.

"Well, there isn't much scenery," acknowledged Phillips, "till you get to the Norris Basin where we camp to-night. Then you'll have scenery enough."

"But there are the Obsidian Cliffs," said the Maiden anxiously.

"Obsidian Cliffs?" ejaculated Phillips. "Why, you ain't expecting much from them, are you?"

"Yes I was," murmured the Maiden, a little sadly.

“Why, they’re nothing in the world but glass.”

“But I don’t see a mountain of glass every day; and the guide-books say that the cliffs ‘glisten in the sun like burnished silver.’”

Phillips had the cruelty to laugh.

“How can they glisten like burnished silver when they’re black as ink?”

“Black as ink!”

“Yes, black as ink.”

“But, Phillips,” said the Man of Resources, taking pity on the absolute dismay in the Maiden’s face, “they’re volcanic, and basaltic, and all that sort of thing, don’t you know? and another of the guide-books says they are probably unequaled in the world.”

“May be unequaled Obsidian,” replied Phillips drily; but they ain’t unequaled cliffs, by a long shot. Now, are they?”

They were at a loss to understand this

abrupt question, till they noticed that he had stopped the team suddenly.

It was impossible not to laugh. In his eagerness to have them judge for themselves, independent of guide-book influence, Phillips had driven them almost past the cliffs without their noticing that there were any cliffs. Of course they are something one wants to see, and it is interesting to know that the road ingeniously built by Col. Morris over the blocks of obsidian that had fallen where the road must go, is probably the only piece of glass road in the world. Not to be turned back by a massive barrier that could not be hewn or drilled or blasted, Col. Morris built great fires on the blocks, expanding the glass, and then had his men deluge the fires with cold water from Beaver Lake, cooling the brittle glass so suddenly that great masses of it were broken up. The road was then built for half a mile with this novel material.

Nevertheless, the cliffs are hardly a "value" in the scenic effect. Far from "glistening like burnished silver," they are merely a big mass of black rock streaked with gray, though small bits of the Obsidian picked up from the road have the cold, black glitter of jet in the sunshine. Put not these "little bits" in your pocket, O innocent tourist! for the government fines for carrying any natural curiosity out of the Park are not the farce which some laws are.

"I wouldn't mind the money," said, sorrowfully, a lady who had been fined three dollars for breaking off a bit of the coralline edge to one of the pools. "It was worth three dollars to have that lovely piece of formation. But, after they had fined me for having it, they took it away from me."

It was five o'clock when they entered the Norris Geyser Basin.

"I hope we're in time for you to see the Monarch to-night," said Phillips.



"Never mind if we're not," said the Man of Resources cheerfully. "If we're too late, we can run over and see him to-morrow morning before breakfast."

"No, you can't," said Phillips. "The Monarch Geyser *is* a monarch up here in the Park. You can't go to see him when *you* get ready; you've got to go when *he* is ready."

They laughed at this reminder that nature here was the despot, and that sight-seeing in Wyoming was something different from hunting up a cathedral or a waterfall.

"He goes off about six," announced Phillips.

"All right! we'll take a look at him. Where is he?" asked the Imperturbable, gazing about as if so lordly a creature ought to be visible from any stand-point.

"He's half a mile up the road there. If you like the walk, dinner'll be ready when you get back."

They were thankful for the walk ; they were tired, but only tired of driving.

“Think,” said the Man of Sense, as they passed the white tents of what is here the hotel. “We have come twenty-seven miles, and here is only where the ‘Coupons’ dined. After dinner they had as far again to go before night as we have come, and they haven’t got there yet.”

Half a mile up the road they did indeed come upon their first geysers ; not as yet any great or famous ones, but a whole field of innumerable little ones, bubbling, burning, boiling away, and sending up their columns of white steam, a curious sight certainly to the *blasé* sight-seer weary of cathedrals.

“But they’re exactly like the pictures of them,” said the Parsimonious, in a tone of disappointment.

“What would you have, my dear ? I am lost in speculation when I attempt to conceive what

your verdict would have been if they had not looked like the pictures of them."

"And the coloring!" exclaimed the Convert. "Look at those pools! one is turquoise-blue, and one is a splendid orange, and one is rose-color, and one is the richest crimson."

"But don't stop," said the Maiden piteously. "I know the monarch will go off before we get there."

"No hurry," said the Man of Resources, as they turned back to the road. "Nothing ever goes off till the Optimist gets there."

A few minutes later they saw where the monarch must be, though there were as yet no signs of him, from a group of people waiting patiently upon the rocks.

"How do you dare to sit so near the crater," asked the Convert, noticing that the group were hardly twenty feet from the chasm that was expected momentarily to send up eighty feet of boiling water.

“Oh the water never splashes on the rocks,” was the confident reply. “It just goes up and comes right down.”

“And how long have you been waiting?”

“An hour,” was the reply with a sigh.

“Never mind,” said the Man of Resources, “it’s all right now. Announce to his majesty”—turning gravely to the Maiden, “that the Optimist is waiting.”

In ludicrous answer to his jest, just as he finished speaking there was a rumble and a roar, and behold! His Majesty was there!

In five minutes he had gone again, but it had been a magnificent sight.

“I always did say,” said the Maiden as they turned away, “that Anna was an optimist, not because she sees the bright side of things, but because the bright side of things is always there for her to see.”

“When you are with me, Mabel,” returned the Optimist.

As they turned back to linger at the great field of little geysers and bubbling pools, they realized more than ever how much they would have lost if they had hurried past this Norris Geyser Basin as the general tourist does, seeing only what shows from the road. More than this, the hour at which the poor "Coupon" travels through it is the one least favorable to any picturesqueness whatever. It is high noon, when nothing in nature, except a Kansas prairie in the autumn, is really attractive, without either morning freshness or afternoon shadows. No hour could be so enchanting for these geysers as one just before twilight, when a wintry sunset lingers in the sky and the whole expanse of white formation, dotted with columns of white curling steam and glowing pools of water that seem to hold "the light that never was on sea or land," has all the effect of one of Landseer's lovely, lonely landscapes, lit with a coloring of its own, and truly neither

of the sea nor land. Many of the group that had gathered at the Monarch had joined them, and they realized the immense advantage of having some one with them who had been through the park before. Every one of these exquisite pools is worth turning from the road to examine, either for its steam, or its roaring, or its dazzling water, or its fretted rim. Many of them are not twenty feet from the road; though, seeing so much from the road, you might easily, without a guide who knew better, fancy you had seen it all, and go straight by them, unconscious and unblessed. On the very edge of the lovely Emerald Pool, as they stood admiring it, some one said, "O, but you haven't seen it! Let me show you." Making a circuit of the pool he led them to one particular small white rock, projecting out into the water and only big enough for one at a time to step on.

"There! stand there!" he commanded.

Certainly they could not have said they had

seen it before. Now they could look down into the wonderful grotto from which welled up to the surface this limpid water, so clear, so still, although so hot, that they could time each separate bubble as it stole up from the depths below. The walls of the pool were snowy white, but carved with exquisite and fantastic arabesques, and they sloped downward from the rim toward the center, sculptured here and there into great grottoes of white coral, converging into a long, deep, narrow throat that led down to the caverns below.

"Did you ever see such coloring as the tints in the water? It is like the light in a jewel."

"And the guide-book that went into convulsions over Swan Lake merely says of this that it is a 'pretty pool, with water of the purest beryl tint.'"

"I don't know, Mabel," said the Imperturbable, opening another guide-book. "Here is something rather good about it. This fellow

says, ' In one of these pools the whitened skeleton of a mountain buffalo was discovered. By whatever accident he met his fate there, no king nor saint was ever more magnificently entombed. Not the shrine of St. Anthony at Padua, with its white marbles and its silver lamps, is so resplendent as this sepulchre in the wilderness.' "

" Yes," said the Maiden approvingly. " That is better ; but it doesn't take the place of seeing it."

Just across the road was another pool, quite as beautiful in its way, but in an entirely different way. This is full of boiling mud instead of limpid water, but if I could see but one, I am not sure but I would choose the mud. It is of an exquisite lead-color, as smooth in consistency as the finest paint, and it is a tiny geyser, sending every ten minutes into the air a seething mass of soft gray paste that falls back in sprays like a great bush of gray coral,



or like the leaping oak-leaves of an open fire, done in clay.

Oh! why would it grow dark! Nothing but the gathering darkness would ever have sent them home. Yes, *home*; for the little camp that had been pitched for the night, with its glowing fire and its waiting dinner, lent a "value" of unmistakable cosy comfort to the grandeur of Yellowstone Park.

"If you'd like to wash your hands before dinner," explained Phillips, "there's a hot pool in the grass over there," pointing to the right, "and a cold pool over there," pointing to the left.

Of course they would wash in water from the hot pool, if it scalded them.

"Doesn't it remind you of Nonquitt, when we used to go to the beach for our bath?" whispered the Maiden, knowing that the Convert had the happiest associations with Nonquitt.

"Yes, it does. Only it is better than Non-

quitt. There I had to wait for Henry to offer to carry the towel; now I can make him. Here, Henry!" and the Imperturbable was nearly buried under the weight of heavy towels flung at him by all the party.

It was certainly a novel experience to kneel down in the grass by the side of a tiny pool hardly larger than a good-sized basin, and dip from it water so warm that they had to wait for it to cool before plunging their hands in it.

It was a pretty scene where the camp had been pitched. Close by gleamed the dozen white tents that formed the hotel where the "coupons" dine; while the green expanse of pretty meadow, shut in by pines glowing with the rich, red light of sunset, was dotted with the tents of travelers camping out. Brightly flowed the river past the tents; brightly gleamed the camp fires through the trees; brightly glowed the faces round the tempting dinner on the grass.

"Phillips," said the Diligent Suggester suddenly, with some severity, "those people over there are dining at a regular table; and it is covered with a crimson tea-cloth, and they have camp chairs."

"I know it, marm," said the regretful Phillips. Next year I'm going to have a table and a red cloth. I've got the chairs now."

"Ah, thanks!" said the Man of Sense, as a brimming cup of coffee was handed to him. "I have been tormented with dread all through dinner for fear the Diligent Suggester had brought along her Dresden after-dinner coffees. I felt that a man who had seen the Monarch was entitled to more than a teaspoonful of coffee. It seems to me at the moment, even after our abundant repast, as if nothing but a whole geyser of coffee could do justice to the occasion."

Then the gentlemen lit their cigars, the camp fire was piled high with blazing logs,

“And half a century of growth,  
Goes up in an instant's flame,”

quoted the Extravagant, not quite correctly, but very appropriately. “It's like every thing else here: Nature at work for hundreds and hundreds of years, getting ready to give us a ten days' amusement. I wonder if we're worth it.”

At nine o'clock the Maiden disappeared in the ladies' tent.

Only, however, to emerge looking prettier than ever. She had completely changed her costume, and was a lovely “value” in the landscape as she stood holding back the white canvas of the tent door, while the firelight played on her skirt of heavy crimson flanne', her little tight-fitting jacket of dark blue edged with astrachan, and the tiny cap of astrachan and blue set jauntily on her golden curls.

“Well, Mabel?”

“We dress for the night at the Yellowstone,

instead of undressing," explained the Maiden with dignity. "It is warm now, but there will be a frost before morning. Phillips says so."

"But, Mabel, if the thing is to be cold at the Yellowstone, you want to be cold. You never can go home properly, and tell people that you were half frozen in August, if you wear all that furry armor."

"Yes I can. That is the point of it. You must be cold with all your winter things on. Any body could be cold with only a summer overcoat."

It seemed incredible that they could need all the blankets Phillips had provided.

"But, then, when you think of it," said the Man of Sense, "we're a thousand feet higher above the sea than the top of Mt. Washington."

"Why shouldn't we be cold?"

And they were cold before morning. That is, they didn't suffer, for there were wraps in abundance, and the delicious invigorating air

playing around them was something quite unlike the deathly chill of a cold chamber. The Diligent Suggester proudly showed her little brass traveling thermometer standing at 32°.

“Hot water, fresh from the spring,” was the novel cry outside the tent of the ladies. “You can’t have cream in your coffee, for the milk froze in the pail; but the hot pool didn’t freeze by a good deal. Come out and see the frost!”

But quickly as the ladies dressed, spurred to activity by the splendid air, the desire to get out, and the tempting sputtering of bacon evidently turning crisp over a fire just outside their tent, the frost was almost gone before they came out to look at it. As soon as the sun goes down at the Yellowstone it is singularly cold, but as soon as the sun comes up, it is singularly warm.

“I wonder what makes it seem so heavenly,” said the Romantic. “It is just like a June

morning, in spite of the cold and the absence of roses."

"I know what it is, Anna," said the Maiden, slyly. "It's the beautiful stillness. You pretend that you like those horrid Kansas winds at the ranch, but you don't. There isn't any wind; that's what makes it so lovely."

Undoubtedly it was. The slightest breeze of the clear, cold air might have destroyed the charm of the out-of-doors breakfast in spite of the camp fire. But there was not a zephyr moving. The delicious, crisp freshness simply existed all around you, ready for the breathing, but not fluttering so much as the hem of your garment.

And now to break camp and away! that is, they would leave Johnson and Sam to break camp, and they would "away." As they were to stop at the Gibbon Paint Pots, there would be time for Johnson and the camping "outfit" to pass them later on the road and have

luncheon ready for them at the head of the Gibbon Cañon.

All was stir and excitement. Twenty or more different encampments were breaking up; horsemen galloped away toward the Firehole, or towards the Springs; patient wagons took their heavy loads of camp equipage and toiled after the eager horsemen. Nothing was left of the little settlement that had been so full of life the night before, but the quiet tents of the hotel where even now dinner was being prepared for the next "Coupons."

The Man of Sense and the Maiden would ride that morning. The day before it had been, too hot, and the saddle-horses had been allowed to plod along by the wagons. In the afternoon it would be again too hot, perhaps; but at eight o'clock nothing could be more tempting than a ride as far as the Paint Pots.

The road led them by the field of geysers, looking strangely different in the bright morn-



ing air. More than a hundred of them seemed to be "up and at it," sending up their light curling wreaths of steam with a zeal that never flags, even with the thermometer about them at forty degrees below zero.

"I don't see why they associate every thing around here with Satan just because it is hot," said the Romantic. "Those little white puffs are pretty enough to make it seem as if it were here that they were manufactured for the sky. Nature never thought we should come up here to catch her at it ; but she is blowing soap-bubbles that float up into the blue and stay there and shine down at us farther south as innocent little white clouds that had never touched the earth."

"Very pretty, very pretty, indeed," said the Man of Sense. "But they look more to me like the smoke of the future locomotive that I hope is to put us through this park sometime."

“And to me,” said the Man of Resources, whose favorite resource was his Kansas ranch, “they look more like the smoke from the chimneys of my future tenants, when I build up a big town at Carneiro.”

“Well, the guide-book hits it about right this time; it calls it ‘an infernal little dell,’ and as it has over two thousand active volcanic vents, I think we had better turn the whole thing over to Satan after all.”

Two hours later they entered the curious grove, about a mile from the main road, where the Paint Pots are.

There are more than five hundred of them, and they are admirably named. The little pools are like nothing so much as great paint pots, and the bubbling, boiling, gurgling mass seething within them is like nothing so much as paint. It is soft, smooth, and satiny to the touch, though it turns hard later in lovely coral work around the basins, only to crumble away if

you try to preserve it. Not that we did break it off and try to preserve it. O Mr. Government Detective! No indeed; but we have read in the guide-books that it crumbles.

But the wonder of these hot paint-pots is the coloring. Because I have been quite frank, and acknowledged that the Yellowstone is not a "pretty place" through its whole three thousand square miles, I shall expect you to trust me when I tell you where it is pretty, and to believe me when I say that these colored paint pots are alone worth a journey of many miles to see. It had been curious to see pools of so many different colors far apart from each other at the Norris Basin; but, within two or three feet of each other, were pools some of which were blood-red, some sulphur-orange, some delicate rose-color, and some looking as if filled with hot cream.

Here, too, is the one great joke of the park. How seldom nature jests! She is awful,

beautiful, bewitching; but when is she funny? It is Hamilton Gibson, I think, who makes a pretty picture of the comical witch-hazel; but the witch-hazel does not know that she is smiling; she is not trying to amuse you. It is the human element which catches the funniness and laughs. Only a man of imagination would interpret the joke and smile.

But there is one paint pot at the Yellowstone that is a genuine joke.

It is a great pool, apparently full of white paint. The effort of this thick white paint to be a geyser, resulting in a sputter, sputter, sputter,—gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,—blob, blob, blob—and then for a moment silence—is something so ludicrous that no one can stand beside it and not laugh aloud in sympathy. It is not the seething of the hot spring, nor the bubbling of the boiling pool, nor the hiss of steam rushing from subterranean caverns, nor the roar of the geyser; it is sputter, sputter,

sputter,—gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,—blob, blob, blob—till the spectator is convulsed with merriment. “Frogs are the buffoons of nature,” says Maurice Thompson; and all over the surface of this sticky, smooth white paint, besides the convulsive efforts in the middle, “like nothing so much,” as the guide-books put it, “as a heavy theologian trying to force a laugh to please a friend,”—thick white bubbles opaque and fat, leap up and down exactly like great white frogs, in their motions and their croaking.

But at this rate they would never get to the Gibbon Cañon.

“It isn’t lunch time,” said Johnson, as they rode toward the little foot-bridge where they saw him encamped with his bright fire. “But if you like to go up to the Monument Geysers, through the woods there, I’ll be ready for you when you come back.”

“Cracker and cheese first, though,” said the Man of Sense. “I never come on a base of

supplies without profiting by it. Might as well be a 'Coupon' if you can't have crackers and cheese when you like."

So the cracker can was dragged from concealment, and the foragers leaned against the wagons or the stumps of trees, fortifying themselves for the ascent.

"I don't think I'll go," announced the Romantic. "I don't believe they're worth seeing."

"Oh yes, my dear, they are! and it's only a little way."

"But it's steep."

"No, it isn't; and the woods are lovely."

So the Romantic crossed the tremulous foot-bridge on her toes, and for awhile followed the path through the woods with comfort and delight. But as it began to grow steeper, and without any visible terminus, she suddenly sat down.

"You go on, Donald, and I'll wait for you here."

"But, my dear, I can't leave you here. I shouldn't feel safe for a minute. It's a very lonely spot."

"But if the Monument Geysers are as near as they say they are," said 'my dear', with sarcasm, "you can run on and see them and be back again before any human being could get to me from the road."

"But, Anna, I certainly shall not leave you."

"Oh, well!" and the Romantic rose wearily and plodded on. The Man of Sense ran airily ahead as if to beguile her into thinking the path easy, and whistled with great cheerfulness.

"Donald," exclaimed the lady, sitting down once more after a minute or two, "I am *not* going any farther."

"Neither am I," answered Donald, seating himself on the trunk of a tree far above her.

She knew from experience that this meant

that if she wouldn't come up, he wouldn't come down. So after a moment she again rose wearily, which he took as a signal for springing lightly up the increased steepness of the path.

"Donald!" cried the lady again, after an extremely brief interval, "I tell you I *am* not going another *step*! I am not in the least afraid to wait, and you can go on just as well without me."

"Well, they can't be far away now. If you will promise not to stir, I will leave you and run ahead."

The Romantic dropped at the foot of a tree, wearily grateful that her struggle was over. It was a pretty place to wait in; the woods were lovely, and there was a heavenly view if you only stopped to think about it.

But Donald was certainly very long. Could there be any danger? how still it was. Wasn't he ever coming? What if there were two



paths and he should take the wrong one coming down? Was that a pistol? No, it was a squirrel. How lonely it was! After all it was idiotic to come so far and not see the monuments. Where could Donald be? How still it was. How awfully still. What if something had happened! he might have sprained his ankle——

At this point in her reflections, the Romantic sprang to her feet and flew up the path as if it had been laid on the easy level of a skating-rink. At the top of the steep ascent she came suddenly upon Donald, just hurrying round a corner of rock.

“Oh!” exclaimed the gentleman.

“Oh!” said the lady.

And she added, as she tried to sit down with an air as if she had been sitting all the time, laboring to catch her breath and speak with the dignity of one completely rested by a pleasant *siesta*.

"I told you I wouldn't go, Donald, and I won't."

"But now that you are here, Anna——"

"I'm not here. I told you I didn't want to see them. Come, let's go down."

And as he submitted, she slid her arm coaxingly into his and looking into his eyes said with a little laugh,

"They weren't worth seeing, were they, Donald?"

"No, my dear, to tell you the honest truth, they weren't. They would have been if you had never seen a geyser cone; but after the others, they were simply a tame repetition. I wish you'd tell me, Anna, how you knew they wouldn't be worth seeing? For a woman with the most absurdly foolish little heart, you have a wonderfully level little head. How did you know?"

"Because I did."

“Well, at any rate, we have had a good walk—”

“And as I carried my point and didn’t see them, I’m very glad I came;” with which mutual concessions they ran down the path to their waiting luncheon.

The scenery that afternoon was the most interesting they had had on the road. The Gibbon Cañon is finely picturesque, and they had been repaid by the beautiful Gibbon Falls, lovelier even than the lovely Minnehaha, for the scramble down the hill-side from the road. The Man of Sense had not failed this time to ask the Romantic before starting, “Will it be worth while, my dear?” and nothing would have induced him to go if she had not wisely prophesied, “It will be worth while.”

Nevertheless they were strangely tired; almost too tired to enjoy the really noble view when Phillips suddenly drew up his horses where they could look down into the valley of

the Firehole River, and across to the great Divide, sending the head-waters of the Columbia down one side to the Pacific, and the springs of the Missouri down the other to the Gulf of Mexico.

“Now,” said Phillips in a tone of intense satisfaction, “if you’ll get out the field-glasses, I shouldn’t wonder if we could see the Three Tetons.”

“What in the world are the Three Tetons?”

“They’re mountains.”

“But we can certainly see mountains enough. I don’t believe it is worth while to dig out the glasses.”

“But they’re two hundred miles away.”

“Oh! we’ve seen lots of mountains as far off as that,” announced the Man of Resources. “In the San Juan country, from the Marshall Pass. Isn’t that the valley down there where the weary cease from jolting and the horses are to rest?”

"Yes, sir; that is where we camp for to-night; eight miles farther on."

"Eight miles?" sighed the Parsimonious. "Then don't let's wait to hunt up any Tetons."

So they hurried down into the valley, leaving the Tetons, as it were, behind them.

The only other incident of the afternoon was strawberries.

"Strawberries in August!" In another instant they were all out of the wagon, hunting eagerly for the little crimson globes, sweet as the honey of Hymettus and tiny as a drop of dew.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Man of Sense suddenly. "I forgot the government detectives, and I've swallowed a berry!"

They camped for the night in a grove of pines, just at the entrance to the picturesque road that leads out of the park through Beaver Cañon to the railway of the Union Pacific. It was a pretty spot, with a spring of clear water

tinkling close beside their tents, their mattresses laid on fragrant boughs of pine, the river flowing within sight, and Marshall's comfortable hotel within reach.

Not that they wanted a hotel, except that one of the hot sulphur baths would be grateful after the dust and heat of the drive.

"Think," said the Man of Sense, as they sauntered over to Marshall's. "We haven't come as far yet as the 'Coupons' go the first day."

As they were lounging on the piazza, one of the regular stages drove up to the door, for a relay of horses, and four or five "Coupons" alighted, to spend the ten minutes of waiting in walking about. Two of them walked over toward the hot spring that supplies the baths, and were seen to gesticulate wildly to their companions.

"O come here! come here! tell Mrs. Selden to come!"

The Maiden's curiosity was aroused. She, too, sauntered carelessly past the pool, and exclaimed sympathetically, as she found it nothing but a perfectly commonplace well of water, with nothing to distinguish it except the fact that it was hot,

"Why, you poor dear people! haven't you really seen any thing prettier than that, all the way from Mammoth Springs?"

Mrs. Selden drew herself up a little haughtily, and remarked that they had seen a great many wonderful things, and that they had come forty-five miles that day.

"She is as bad as Wordsworth's little maid," said the Maiden, as she returned to her own party. "Every time I asked her if she had seen the Monarch, or the Emerald Pool, or the Mud Geyser, she said no—but she had come forty-five miles!"

It was the Maiden's turn, however, to be snubbed a little herself, an hour later. They

wandered back to camp, to find another tent pitched in the grove, and the field held by the occupants of a genuine prairie-schooner. They had come in from Beaver Cañon, and were on a holiday excursion with their entire family.

"I declare," said the woman of the party, finding the Maiden sympathetic and interested, "I'm awfully disappointed in the park, ain't you? I thought it would be a fine place, full of ladies and gentlemen in fine clothes and their elegant carriages, and I brought along the baby's blue boots and her sash, and now there ain't no ladies and gentlemen here."

"However," she added pleasantly, "we had a real good time coming from Beaver Cañon, and we saw the Tetons."

"Ah!" said the Maiden, wondering if after all they themselves had made a mistake in refusing to look at the Tetons.

Later she sat with the Imperturbable by the



camp fire, the rest of the party having strolled off to the woods, quite divested of her identity as a Maiden in her little soft round felt hat and her tight-fitting ulster, with a traveling rug thrown across her knees. So the young man was not wholly to blame who was heard to say through the gathering darkness, as a party from the hotel loitered past :

“These fellows have a pretty place for their camp. Must be *employés* of the Union Pacific. You go on ; I’d like to talk with them a bit.”

Striding lightly over the grass, he said, with the extreme politeness of latent condescension :

“Good-evening. You have a pretty spot for your camp. Are you attached to the Union Pacific?”

“Yes ; we are very much attached to it. It is our only way of getting from here to Denver.”

Even in the darkness it could be seen that

the young man started. The voice was distinctly feminine, evidently intelligent, just possibly saucy.

Still, the situation was piquant. He had no intention of giving it up. He leaned against a tree.

"You—you live in Denver, then?"

"O no! we don't live in Denver, but we go there sometimes."

"And you—you like camping out?"

"Very much; we prefer it, indeed, to camping in."

The Imperturbable chuckled. "Camping in" was such a felicitous phrase for the probable comforts of a hotel for which the young man must be paying four dollars a day. It is true that the four hotels thirty, fifty, or seventy miles in the park are actually more comfortable than the showy one at the entrance; but in all of them the tourist is subjected to a severe course of canned corned beef and dried

fruits, with eggs even a matter of uncertainty.

"Your party are calling you," added the heartless Maiden, as the young man remained deaf to repeated cries from the road of "Arthur! Ar—thur!! *Ar*——thur!!!"

"Coming!" he answered helplessly; and with a less tryingly polite ' Good-evening,' and this time a lifting of the hat, he strode away.

"It is the oddest thing," remarked the Maiden, "that nothing will persuade people that you are camping out from any but motives of economy. You may be spending ever so much more money than they are; but if you live in a tent, they are sure you are a pauper."

She was very silent all the rest of the evening. By occult measures known only to feminine ingenuity, she found out that the young man of the party from Chicago had been given a room in one of the little log-cabins surrounding the hotel, and used as an annex in cases of

emergency. Their route for the morning would lead them past this log-cabin. She had a premonition that the young man would be on the alert to pursue his investigations by daylight. She was studying the problem whether in her riding habit or her traveling dress she would impress him least as a pauper.

If it had been at home, she would have trusted to the effect as *equestrienne*, with her long riding-habit of broadcloth, her silk hat and silver-mounted whip, and her beautiful pony; but with her short and very dusty habit adapted to park life, the little round felt of the evening before, and a steed of whom it could only be said in praise that he was "safe," she concluded that she would shine from the wagon.

As they approached the cabin, a young man was to be seen leaning in the door-way. She could not be expected to recognize him, and she might have been heard to say with sweetness to the Imperturbable :

"These fellows have a very pretty spot for their log-cabin. I suppose they are *employés* of the hotel."

In another hour Phillips halted under a tree for the party to leave the wagon and explore the wonders of "Hell's Half-Acre."

"Why, where's Bob?" asked the Imperturbable suddenly.

Calls, shouts, whistles, failed to bring him forward.

"Henry," asked the Maiden severely, "*are* you trying to leave him behind?"

"How could I, my dear, when I hadn't any pitchfork?"

The distressed Maiden at once dispatched Phillips on horseback to hunt up Bob. It would not delay them, for they were going to explore the Half-Acre anyway.

And it was worth exploring. Though only a repetition in kind of what they had seen before, it was all on a much larger scale. Instead

of tiny pools there is here a great lake with its basin rimmed with so many and such rich colors, and its water of such deep and heavenly tints, that the very vapor from it is tinged by reflection with hues of pale blue or delicate pink. From this lake runs a phenomenal little brook. The water in the lake is of limpid turquoise blue; for a few yards the water of the brook is thick and white like rich cream; for a few more yards it runs over a bed distinctly and brightly crimson; then for a few yards more its course is marked by a perfectly defined band of brilliant yellow. There is a definite break in each color; they do not run into each other. The same water drops in its course entirely different deposits.

Here, too, is the horrible crater of the greatest geyser in the world, the Excelsior, whose eruptions are fortunately few, when it sends 300 feet into the air water enough to wash away bridges over small streams below, rum-

bling with a roar to be heard for miles, and scattering over acres rocks a hundred pounds in weight. The crater is dreadful enough when not in action ; but into this seething, burning, frightful abyss of boiling horror, a little rill of clear, perfectly cold water, fed from the snowy uplands in the distance, drops gently, unceasingly, unafraid.

“ How it upsets all the pretty little morals in the story-books about little brooks that start for the sea and always get there at last,” said the Man of Sense. “ Now, here is a little brook, more innocent even than the average brook, that started in good faith for the sea and finds itself before long in ‘ Hell’s Half-Acre.’ ”

“ And the worst of it is,” added the Imperturbable, “ it doesn’t seem to mind it. It is instantly contaminated so that it isn’t troubled about the degradation. You will please notice that it doesn’t send back word to stop any more

of itself from coming on. Beautiful moral, there, after all, Donald."

"And not a bit of it its own fault," murmured the Romantic.

"O, my dear! I beg your pardon! It shouldn't have started for the sea. It shouldn't have been so anxious to see the Yellowstone Park."

"But then we shouldn't have seen the brook."

"True; beautiful compensations of the law of self-sacrifice. But the psychical research is becoming too much for me."

They had lingered long. Still, on returning to the wagon, there was no sign of Phillips or Bob.

Half an hour later they appeared, the rest of the party having beguiled the interval with beer.

"What was he doing, Phillips?"

"Wasn't doing nothing," exclaimed the rather disgusted Phillips. "Just nosing round the hotel."



The Maiden was not present at the moment. When she appeared, the Imperturbable vouchsafed the information :

“ He was guarding the ashes of our last night’s fire, Mabel. It didn’t seem to be quite out, and he knew there was a heavy fine for leaving a camp-fire burning, and regard for his beloved master made him stay behind to bark off government detectives. Admirable dog! Most extraordinary intelligence ! ”

“ I thought he never left the wagon,” said the Man of Sense.

“ He never does,” answered the Maiden, sternly. “ This morning the wagon left him.”

Nothing further diversified the scene till about noon Phillips halted suddenly and asked :

“ What do you think of that ? ”

They looked up for a geyser, and off for a mountain, and around for a forest, but could see nothing extraordinary.

“ Try looking down.”

Then they cried out with wonder.

They were on the brink of the Morning-Glory Pool, the most beautiful of all the pools, lovely enough to tempt one from New York if nothing else were to be seen at the Yellowstone Park. It is exquisitely named ; for it is precisely like a morning-glory flower. Its long and slender throat, like the tube of the blossom, reaching from unknown depth below, branches out in ever-widening snowy walls forming at last a perfectly symmetrical and exquisite chalice, which is filled with water of the loveliest, clearest, robin's-egg blue. The rim of the chalice is delicately and regularly scalloped, like the flower, and is edged with a tiny line of hard coral from the deposit.

“ Henry, get out the camera.”

“ But, my dear, we can't get the color, and you can't take a thing that goes down into the earth like that.”

“ I know you can't ; but I am determined

that you shall. Tip the camera, and see what it will do."

There was no appeal. The Man of Sense unslung the camera, and prepared to accomplish the impossible, while the Romantic and the Extravagant threw peaches into the pool, and revelled in their loveliness as seen through the blue water. It seemed as if they were whole minutes in sinking, buoyed up from the dread cavern below by the bubbles that rose to catch them.

"Oh, I say! Don't you know that it's no use trying to take a pool like that?" exclaimed the voice of a professional photographer from a passing team.

"Yes, I know," answered the Imperturbable. "But *she* don't," with a nod toward the Romantic. "The best way to get a bad law repealed is to enforce it rigidly. I am taking this pool so that I shan't have to take any more."

“ But, really, you know, it’s absurd to tip a camera like that. The very first thing is to have your tripod level. You mustn’t tip it so ! ”

“ I know I mustn’t,” answered the Imperturbable, tipping it a little more.

The result was one of those effects with which amateurs are constantly surprising the professionals who have no time to waste over experiments. It was not a pretty picture ; it was, in fact, quite a ridiculous picture if you didn’t know what you were supposed to be looking at ; but it gave them all they had hoped to get : not the coloring, or the beauty, but an idea of the curious chasm and the funnel-shaped throat supporting white corrugated walls of coral.

Ten minutes later they drove into the Upper Geyser Basin, which the “ Coupons ” reach at nightfall of their first day out. It is a cleared space of three or four miles, in which there are

said to be nearly five hundred springs and geysers, twenty-six of them being unequalled on the surface of the globe for size, splendor, and the tremendous flood of water they send forth. But our party had been so steeped in wonders that they hardly cared now to look at each geyser cone, though, perhaps, every one is worth separate examination, especially that of the Grotto, with its fantastic arches crusted with opals and lined with mother-of-pearl.

They drove directly to the head of the basin, where "Old Faithful" stands picturesquely, setting a noble example to his followers in beauty, sublimity, and punctuality. He saluted as they approached, sending a splendid fountain for a hundred and fifty feet into the air, and they went into camp in pine woods just across the way, where the warm spray from his hourly greeting would perhaps blow into their faces.

It was the first time they had gone into

camp at noon, and they enjoyed a leisurely lunch with the prospect of a whole afternoon not to be wasted in the wagons.

“Quarter-past two,” said the Man of Resources, looking at his watch, as “Old Faithful” again rose into the air, while they were lingering over their coffee and cigars. “He’s on time. It’s the fashion, you know, to have a tall, old-fashioned clock in your dining-room, and ‘Faithful’ is about the tallest one I ever saw. I judge, too, from the figures they give about here, that he is old enough to suit the very latest style.”

“Do you know,” said the Maiden thoughtfully, “I think it’s even funnier to see him go down than to see him come up. If the geysers were great hot fountains, playing all the time, they would be wonderful enough; but to see them come up and go down, like a jack-in-the-box, without your having even to touch the spring——”

"A hot spring, too," murmured the Imperturbable.

—"is really well worth coming for."

"Well, what is a geyser, anyhow?" asked the Man of Sense.

Whereupon the Man of Resources opened his guide-book and read :

*Bunsen's Theory of Geyser Formation and Action.*—According to Bunsen and other geological authorities, a geyser does not find a cave or a perpendicular tube ready-made out of which to flow, but, like a volcano, forms its own crater. If the water be not alkaline, the spring will remain an ordinary boiling spring. But if alkaline, the water will hold silica in solution, and the silica will be deposited about the spring. Thus a mound and tube are gradually built. For a long time, a spring of this character may boil, but not be violently eruptive, the circulation maintaining nearly an equal temperature in every part of the tube. But as the tube becomes longer, and the circulation more and more impeded, the difference of temperature in the water in the upper and lower parts of the tube grows greater and greater, until, at length, the boiling point is reached below, while the water above is comparatively cool. Then begins the eruption, to be repeated with more or less frequency for a period of



years. Finally, either from the gradual failure of the subterranean heat, or else from the increasing length of the tube, by which the formation of steam is repressed, the eruptions gradually cease. Bunsen notes geysers in every stage of development, some being playful springs without tubes ; others not yet eruptive, having short tubes ; still others with long tubes, violently eruptive ; and a fourth class, old and indisposed to eruption, unless angered by throwing stones down their throats. His theory of a geyser in action is summarized as follows: Suppose a geyser to have a simple but irregular tube, without a cave, in which the water is heated by volcanic fires or ejections. The water in this tube being hotter the deeper it lies, reaches the boiling point somewhere below. The column of water in the tube is augmented by the flow from tributary hot springs at different levels beneath the surface, until at length the pressure is sufficiently great to generate steam far down below. This steam, in its effort to escape, at first forces up the water in the tube till it overflows the basin at the surface. By means of this overflow the pressure in every part of the tube is diminished, but a large body of water, before very near the boiling point, is instantly converted into steam, which rushes upward through the tube, projecting the column of water which has confined it high into the air. With this water a large volume of steam is also carried off, but the steam continues to escape from the tube some



time after the water is exhausted. The premonitory rumblings before an eruption are only a simmering of the water on a great scale.

After this scientific effort, it was decided to photograph the camp. The main part of the photograph was to be Bob guarding the entrance to the tent; but neither threats nor caresses, neither bones nor whippings, neither coaxings nor injunctions to "guard my coat till I come back, Bob," had the slightest effect in keeping Bob for an instant where he was wanted.

"And all for the lack of a pitchfork!" sighed the Imperturbable.

But the Man of Resources noticed that Bob, in one of his peregrinations, had settled himself at the foot of a tree within focus, and so caught him on the wing.

And now for the rest of the afternoon they separated. The Maiden and the Man of Sense took the saddle-horses and rode off through the

woods to see the Lone Star Geyser. The Convert and the Imperturbable wandered off for a tour of inspection on foot. The Romantic announced that she should stay where she was and write letters.

"A geyser is a geyser," she announced with undeniable accuracy. "When you have seen one, you have seen all. Of course, they're remarkable and splendid, and magnificent and all that; but they are not half as lovely or as interesting as the pools. One Morning-Glory spring is worth a dozen Fajthfuls. I have come to the point when I don't even look round at him if he happens to go off when my back is turned."

But even she was moved when she heard of the Laundry; the set-tub of solid rock, just the shape and size of a genuine wash-tub, filled with natural soap-suds. Here all the washing of the hotel is done, a picturesque Chinaman bringing over the clothes in his nicely balanced

baskets, to throw them into the bubbling, frothy pool, fish them out again when they had been tossed about enough, and run them through a wringer in the tent conveniently near.

As they left the Laundry, a guide whom Phillips knew approached and asked,

“Seen anything of my Englishman? He’s just tickled to death over the geysers. Can’t make him go to the Falls, or the Cañon, or the Lake. Says he and his wife came to see a geyser and that’s all they want to see. Said they came all the way from England because they couldn’t see a geyser anywhere else. Told him he couldn’t see a Yellowstone Gorge anywhere else; but he seemed to think the Thames Tunnel must be just about as good.”

After dinner they sauntered over to examine the crater of “Old Faithful” when he was quiet.

“When I write my novel,” said the Maiden, “I shall have a jealous wife push her husband over this crater.”

"Oh Mabel!" screamed the ladies.

"And then she will repent and go to wondering how she can get him out again, and just then Old Faithful will come rushing up with her husband in his arms and drop him at her feet, pretty well scalded, but alive enough to repent. Tableau."

"It would spoil his bright buttons, if he were a lieutenant," murmured the Imperturbable.

"He wouldn't be a lieutenant," loftily replied the Maiden. "Lieutenants are faithful."

"But not old," suggested the Man of Sense.

Later, as they sat round the fire, two young men were seen approaching in the darkness.

"He comes protected this time, Mabel," whispered the Imperturbable.

"Can you tell us how far we are from the river?" they asked. "We find we have camped quite a distance from it, and we are painfully thirsty."

Water was at once served in the dainty

drinking-glasses of the Diligent Suggester. Conversation followed as a matter of course.

The young men had come into the park from the south by one of the old trails, with pack-mules.

"And on the way," exclaimed one of them enthusiastically, "we had the grandest view I ever expect to see anywhere."

"Was it a geyser?" asked the Maiden.

"No; it was the three Tetons."

"What is it that makes every body talk so much about the Tetons?"

"Well, it's hard to describe; but I have traveled almost all over the world and I have never seen so magnificent a view as that."

"Where was it? where can we go to see it?" inquired the anxious Maiden.

"Oh! you couldn't go there at all. It's one of the worst of the trails. No lady could ever get over it."

"Well," said the Maiden resignedly, "I

shall tell the next person who asks me whether I have seen the three Tetons that I have seen three thousand of them. We did see three thousand tons of tea on the Northern Pacific, and I don't see why tons of tea are not as good as Te-tons."

The young man laughed with the easy assurance of one who can afford to be generous, having himself seen the three Tetons, and departed.

"It is so exasperating," exclaimed the Maiden, "that wherever you go, somebody has been a little farther and seen something a little nicer. At home we were quite looked up to, because we were going to the Yellowstone. Then at Keogh they began to say, 'Oh! aren't you going on to Tacoma? You really ought to see Tacoma.' And I have no doubt at Tacoma they say, 'Why, have you never been to Alaska? Tacoma is nothing to Alaska!' And now this boy must needs come

along with his Tetons, and tell me I can never, never, never hope to see them where he saw them, because I am a woman !”

They had driven but a mile from the geysers the next morning when again the Imperturbable asked suddenly :

“ Why, where’s Bob ? ”

The little party did not utter a word ; but the wagon was quietly turned round, and the patient explorers went back to the camp for Bob.

“ After all, the pitchfork does not seem to be actually essential,” observed the Man of Sense.

For eleven miles they retraced their track of the day before. Then at the Firehole they turned off to pastures new, in the direction of the falls and cañon.

A mile or two beyond the Forks they came upon a bright little settlement of tents whose occupants were evidently encamped for some

time. Large wall tents that were evidently dining-rooms and kitchens, colored cooks and waiters in white aprons and jackets, hammocks, tables, camp chairs, and rugs, spoke eloquently of comfort not intended for one night only.

"Government," said Phillips, sententiously.

"Next year," mused the Maiden, "*we* shall be a government party. And we shall have a cavalry escort as well as rugs."

"The Lieutenant is generous," murmured the Imperturbable.

"I forgot to bring a hammock," said dreamily the Diligent Suggester. "How could I have been so careless!"

There was little change in the scenery. They forded the curves of one river I think seven times, then drove through the same great forests full of fallen timber lying on the hillsides like great *chevaux de frise*.

"As every thing belongs to Satan around here," said the Man of Resources, "I suppose



those tall, slim fallen trunks of trees are his jackstraws."

"Or they may be the burnt lucifer matches," added the Romantic, "that he threw down on the ground after kindling all the fires it must have taken to set the Park going."

There was a fine view of mountain and valley from the Divide, but it was a terrible climb, both for the horses and the occupants of the wagon. It was the remembrance of this last climb that made the Man of Sense exclaim as they went into camp,

"I do hope they'll have a railroad through here by next summer!"

Even in the indistinct fire-light the Romantic saw a subtle change pass over Phillips's face. It darkened with what in a less gentle man would have been a fierce frown.

"A railroad, sir? I hope there'll never be another railroad anywhere!"

"Why, Phillips, why not?"

“Because a railroad curses every country it goes through. Because we were all rich before there were any railroads, and now we are all poor.”

The little party were quite aghast. It was certainly a novel theory, but the man was intelligent enough to make it interesting to try and get at his point of view. It was a chance to draw near to the heart of the people and make an effort to understand some of these strange socialistic theories. A long discussion followed, in which the ladies took eager part. It was not easy to get at any more definite statistics from Phillips than the reiterated statement that he didn't like railroads. Still, the point elicited at last seemed to be that before the railroad had come to the north-west, there had been a heavy amount of teaming. Phillips had been a teamster and had suffered individually from the loss of custom.

“But, Phillips, it didn't deprive you of work ;

it only gave you a different kind of work. Think of the hundreds of men to whom the railroads gave employment instead of taking it away. And think of the hundreds of people who come up here now and leave their money here where one came before. The tourists alone ought to give you as much as your old hauling did before. And you know, Phillips," said the Maiden winningly, "you'd rather take me round the Park than a barrel of flour, wouldn't you?"

Phillips smiled; but he was not to be beguiled. He didn't like railroads.

"And the railroad must have cheapened your supplies immensely. It can't cost you half as much to live as it did before," added the Parsimonious.

That didn't matter. Any man was a fool who needed any more supplies than a running brook and a gun. Things were cheaper, Phillips acknowledged; but what good did it

do to have them cheap if you had no money at all to buy them with?

“It isn’t that we want you to lose your custom,” explained the Romantic, haunted by a dread lest the good-natured Phillips, who had tried so hard to please them, should feel a personal hurt from their finding fault with the roads. “We want a railroad through here just because we want to have more time for camping out, and following the trails, and exploring the wilderness, and looking at things. We should want you just the same, only we could have you in the woods instead of on the roads. It has taken us all day to-day, and it will take all the forenoon to-morrow for us to get from the Geysers to the Gorge; then we shall only have the afternoon there, if we leave the next morning for the Lake. If there were a railroad, we should have been there eight hours ago. O Phillips, wouldn’t you rather have spent this afternoon in the cañon,” for the Ro-

mantic had found out that the cañon was Phillips' pet Excursion in the Park, "than climbing up that awful mountain and ruining your horses?"

Well, perhaps he would ; still, he didn't like railroads.

"Why, Phillips, it's just like the silly scare about machinery. Think, when they began to put machinery into the mills in England, what an awful time there was ! the operatives struck, and declared they should starve, and tried to burn the machines and ruin their masters ; and what did it all amount to ? The world went on, and there were more machines than ever, and now the operatives are more thankful for it than anybody else."

He didn't care if they were ; he didn't like machinery any better than he did railroads.

"And it's like the sewing-machine scare. When sewing-machines were invented, there was a great hue and cry that they would ruin

the poor sewing-girls. Ladies, they said, would do their own sewing now that they could do it so easily. But that wasn't so. Ladies don't like to run a machine any better than they like to sew. If they could afford to put their sewing out in the old way, they could afford to put it out now. The only difference is in favor of the sewing-girl; she can do now in a day what it used to take three girls to do."

"Yes," said Phillips, gloating over a point in his favor. "Now she has to do the work of three."

"Ah! but you misunderstand. She does the work of three just as easily as she used to do the work of one. And she gets much higher pay."

"That isn't the point, marm. You say she does the work of three and is paid well for it. That's all very fine for her; but *what about the other two girls whose work she's got away?*"

Phillips had scored one. The lady smiled, but was only baffled for an instant.

“Why, making work easier gives a chance for more work, don’t you see? Once I could only afford very plain dresses because it took a girl so long to make one; now I can have two dresses, or have a great many lovely frills and ruffles on them. One girl makes the dress, another makes the ruffles, and the third puts the ruffles on. There will always be work enough, Phillips; the point is to lighten the ways of doing work.”

No, that wasn’t true; people didn’t need frills. If all the railroads and machines had accomplished was to enable folks to have frills,—well, all he could say was, he didn’t think much of railroads.

“But, Phillips,” said the discouraged Optimist, “if you had a wife, and were going to leave her a widow, and she would have to earn her living by sewing, wouldn’t you rather she’d

take the chances with a sewing-machine than without one?"

"Well, marm," said Phillips, smiling at last, "I will confess that I hate awfully to go shooting deer and find a fellow with a better gun than mine. I tell you, I just go stamping round and trying to think how I can raise one myself with all the modern improvements."

And with this good-natured concession, the party broke up for the night.

On the road the next morning, a blooming young girl smiled brightly at Phillips from a passing wagon.

"Can't remember her name," said Phillips, reflectively. "But seems as if I oughter remember her, too. She smiled as if she knew me considerable, didn't she?"

"Maybe," he added, after a few minutes' reflection, "may be it was my sister."

"Your sister, Phillips?"

"Yes. You see, I haven't seen her for a



good while, and she may have grown up to look like that."

It was suggested that a sister would not have limited her demonstration to smiles.

"Well, you see, she may not have been quite sure it was me. It may have looked like me, and still she mightn't be sure that it was me. Yes, the more I think of it, the more it seems to me that it must have been Belle. Why, I walked up to my own father and brother one winter when they were lumbering on the river, and all my father said was just, 'How d'yer do, sir? how d'yer do? I can't quite call your name, but I know your face.' And then I said I was one of the Phillips' family, and I drew off my mitten so he could see the thumb I lost in a sugar-mill once, and he just screamed, 'Well, now, I declare to mercy, if it ain't our John!'"

"Now, if you'd lived on the railroads, Phillips," said the Maiden, slyly, "you could have seen your family oftener."

“Well, I don’ know as there’s any particular object in seeing them oftener,” answered Phillips, calmly.

Three or four miles before you come to the Falls, the country takes on a distinctly New England charm, and is really extremely pretty, with the rushing river, the pleasant woods, the lovely wild-flowers, and the picturesque rocks. They went into camp close by the river, lunched, and then went over to the hotel for more saddle-horses with which to ride down the Cañon.

For they knew, not from the guide-books, but from private letters, that the day at the Gorge is *the* day of the trip through Yellowstone Park.

The hotel here is also in tents, but it has the most picturesque location of any in a thick grove of pines. The Falls are hardly more than half a mile away

“Yes,” said the Man of Sense, as they dis-

mounted and scrambled down the rocky slope to look up at the Falls. "If you must have a waterfall, that is as good a water-fall as you could have."

A hundred feet higher than Niagara, it is far more beautiful than Niagara, in spite of the loss of breadth, because of its magnificent setting in the noblest mountain scenery. It adds to the impressiveness, too, that you can see hardly any thing of the river before it makes the plunge. It makes an abrupt turn just before its leap, so that what you see is not a long, prosaic stream dropping suddenly over a rock; but only what looks like a small and quiet pool, sending this splendid messenger to the river below.

"Do you know what it reminds me of?" said the Man of Resources. "It's 'Old Faithful,' who has missed the Maiden and come after her; and now that he has found her, is falling headlong at her feet in a tumult of delight."

They did not linger, beautiful as the scene was ; they were impatient for the cañon.

The falls are usually considered to be the main object of this part of the trip, as the cañon is very fine even from that point. The guide-books do, indeed, "advise" the tourist, "if he has time," to go on a mile farther to Point Lookout ; but in point of fact, there should be a stringent law that no one should be allowed to enter Yellowstone Park, who will not promise to ride eight miles down the cañon, as a mental and moral stimulus to the noblest impressions of his life, and also in justice to the park. I say "down the cañon," because you follow the river on its downward course ; but you do not go through the cañon as you do through those in Colorado ; you walk through lovely woods above the cañon, and look down over the edge of these magnificent cliffs at the gorgeous scene before you. The milk-white walls drop suddenly from the

very edge of the dark pine forests, down, down, down, down, carved into most splendid grottoes holding, perhaps, snow in their deep recesses, rising again in slender pinnacles on which the eagles build their nests, and may be seen fluttering around them, looking like sparrows in the distance ; down, down, to the river, clasped, but not held, in this splendid embrace, not lying as the guide-books say "like a green ribbon," or "a silver thread," at their base, but writhing, gleaming, hurrying from these strong arms like a great, glittering, splendid serpent, alive, determined, terrible, but too far away to be dangerous, its emerald scales glorious in the sunlight.

Yet it is not the height of the cliffs alone, nor their wonderful sculpture, that makes the Yellowstone Cañon what it is. The cliffs in Colorado are often higher and steeper, or quite as beautifully carved. As one of the guides put it, "There's cañons most anywhere ; but

they ain't painted." Here, if anywhere, is the place to recall Sir Thomas Brown's definition of Nature, as "the art of God." The splendor of color at the Yellowstone—the gorgeous streaks of crimson, orange, violet, and green—are even more wonderful than the snowy walls themselves. It is less the color, than the purity of the color, that makes the scene such a wealth of glowing loveliness. These are not merely alternate layers of dull red and pale yellow, curious but faint, like those which are thought so remarkable at Gay Head; nor does "snowy" mean here, as it is apt to be when applied to nature, merely a soiled and grimy gray. What is snowy is milk-white; what is red is blood-red; what is pink is the loveliest rose-color. Perhaps this sounds unattractive; as if the cañon were a great chromo, *bizarre*, but not beautiful. An artist on whom I tried all my powers of rhetoric about it, only said at last that he didn't believe he should like it; it

might be curious, but he couldn't conceive of it as sublime; he would like to see it once, but—ah, well! let his punishment be never to see it but once!

Perhaps the best word to describe it, to distinguish it from other noble cañons, is *fascinating*. It is not less awful, less beautiful, less sublime, than other higher cañons; but it has the added quality of fascination. It holds you. It is a scene of which it is no exaggeration to say that it brings tears to the eyes. It is the one place where it seems as if nature might have a soul. There she seems, not only beautiful, but conscious that she is beautiful. She smiles back at you with a splendid smile, like a glorious woman whom you may both adore and love. The complaint of the Parsimonious that the geysers were too exactly like the pictures of them expresses in a negative way what the cañon is in a positive way. You have a complete and perfect idea of what a geyser is



from any good photograph of one. You know exactly how the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas looks from the best pictures of it. But no picture, not even an oil painting that attempts to reproduce the colors, can give you the faintest conception of what it will mean to you if ever it should be your glorious privilege to gaze into the cañon of the Yellowstone.

And this is another test. Awed as you are by the Royal Gorge, much as you admire the Black Cañon, picturesque as Clear Creek Cañon is to you, you never think of lingering, or wanting to linger, in any of them. Though you whirl through them all in a railway car, you are satisfied. They have been enchanting, stupendous, marvelous; you say to yourself that sometime you will certainly come and see them again. But at the Yellowstone you say that you will never go away!

"O Phillips," moaned the Maiden, "if you will only ride back to camp and bring us coffee



and shawls, we won't ask for any supper, and we'll stay out here over night."

"Well," answered Phillips drily, looking down a sheer precipice of twelve hundred feet, "if some of you folks will go down to the river there and bring up some water, I'll make coffee."

This sadly brought them back to the exigencies of real life.

"To think," said the Maiden, as they turned away, "that this is really the same river we were on at Keogh."

"Where even now the Lieutenant is eating his solitary dinner," added the Imperturbable. "The cañon in which he dwells is not as deep as this; but the depth of his feeling more than makes up for that."

Should they go to the lake? It would be a twenty mile drive, and a light haze that promised rain almost persuaded them to give it up. However, they kept on; the soul of the Man of

Sense torn within him as he saw wild ducks, geese and snipe hovering by the hundred over the river, and even a herd of antelope in the distance.

"Still," said the Optimist wisely, "if the government had allowed other people to shoot them, they wouldn't be there now for you to shoot."

"But we can fish, can't we, Phillips?"

"Yes," said Phillips, drily. "You can fish."

"And the fishing is good, isn't it?"

"Fishing's capital; but the fish ain't."

Then they remembered the warning in the guide-book that the fish above the Falls were wormy.

A light shower came up, but it was so interesting to discover what all the little belts and buckles and bags were for, to keep the team waterproof, that they decided it was rather cosier to have it rain. But if it had poured

guns, they would have forgotten it all as they approached the loveliest sheet of water they had ever seen.

If it were merely a vast expanse of water, its mere size, though it covers 150 square miles, would not be worth the effort to get to it, for although it is a curious fact that so large a body of water is to be found so far above the level of the sea, that if Mt. Washington were to be sunk in it to the sea level, the surface of the lake would still be half a mile above the top of the mountain, there is nothing, of course, to make you realize this when you stand beside it. All its statistics are interesting: its immense area, its great height, its depth of nearly 300 feet not far from shore; but so far as the facts are concerned, you might as well stay at home and learn them from the geographies. Its surpassing loveliness is due to the fact that it is not one great prairie of water, stretched out before you so that you see the

whole of it at once. It curves, and bends, and narrows, and widens into beautiful rivers and noble bays ; over it, across it and through it, float myriads of white swans, ducks, geese, pelicans and sea-gulls ; at times it stretches out in a long line of sounding surf, breaking white upon a pebbly beach ; it is dotted with lovely islands ; and it is all held in place by mountains 10,000 or 12,000 feet high, clad all the year round with snow.

“ In short,” said the Man of Resources, “ if you take Mt. Desert—minus, of course, Rod-ick’s and the hauled-mealers—multiply it by ten, put some snow on the mountains, throw in a little of the Bay of Rio and the Palisades of the Hudson, add the whole of the Lake of Como and a few of the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, you will have something approaching the loveliness of Yellowstone Lake.”

They pitched the tents in pine woods close to the shore. Trout leaped almost on to their

luncheon table ; little squirrels peeped and ran for the crumbs ; wild-flowers blossomed all about them in reckless profusion ; lovely sea-gulls watched them curiously from the lake. The sun came out, and the Man of Resources and the Imperturbable took the saddle-horses and went in search of the Natural Bridge ; not, however, till they had banked the ladies' tent, in case of a harder rain, with heavy sods so full of blossoming flowers that they formed a beautiful little parterre of brilliant flower-beds.

And the heavier rain came indeed. It was a thunder shower glorious to see as it came up over the lake in great purple clouds that soon spent themselves in heavy hail. Still more glorious was it to see it disappear, when at last the ladies, who had been perfectly secure in their warm tent, dared to push aside their canvas door and look at the big hailstones nestled among the pink and blue blossoms of their

flower-bed, and then across to the mountains white with a heavier fall of snow, and with exquisite little clouds, tinged with a rosy sunset, drifting in and out of the ravines.

"Supper is ready," said the Maiden, confronting the gentlemen as they rode into camp. "But you said we were not to take in any hauled-mealers."

"But you would let two moistened wanderers dry themselves by your fire, wouldn't you," said the Man of Resources with an insinuating smile, "if they promised to tell you all about the Natural Bridge?"

In spite of the lovely scene, as the moon rose over the lake, it was a sorrowful conclave that gathered about the camp fire that night. They had seen the park; that is, they had seen the seven wonders, and had done all they could that summer. It remained for them now to get back to the railroad.

And they were seventy-eight miles from it.

Phillips, indeed, said ninety; but we will give the park the benefit of the doubt, and call it only seventy miles from the lake to the hotel at the Mammoth Hot Springs.

“It will take us three whole days,” said the Man of Sense. “Even the stages would take two for it, and we have no relays of horses. We must be at the hotel Friday night. To-day is Tuesday; so we must start right after breakfast to-morrow morning, and spend three whole weary days going over a dull and dusty road, every step of which we have been over before. O, Phillips! if there were only a railroad, we could stay here at the lake those three days and explore; have one of Johnson’s camp suppers at six o’clock Friday night, and be at the Mammoth Hot by nine!”

They talked over ways and means. The Man of Resources thought they might go back to the Falls, send Phillips round with the teams by the old route from there, and take saddlé-horses

themselves over the bridle-path across Mt. Washburn, from which they would have some lovely mountain views. But thirty miles on horseback the first day was rather a hard trip for the ladies, and the account of the accommodations where they would have to spend the night dismayed even the Optimist.

Then they wondered whether they would not go back thirty miles to the Firehole, and from there go out of the Park by Beaver Cañon. They were not going back to St. Paul, but were to go around by the Utah and Northern to Salt Lake anyway, and this was the nearest point to it. Their letters and luggage could be forwarded from the Hot Springs to Salt Lake, and Phillips gave thrilling accounts of trout and grayling in the streams on the way, and of wild birds not within the precincts of the park, and so to be had for the shooting.

“And there is a point on the road where



you can see the Three Tetons," added the Maiden.

Still, there were objections to altering their original plans. If they went back to Livingstone they would take in Helena and Butte City, which they had some curiosity to see. The Maiden remembered for her comfort that they would re-pass the point on the old road from which Phillips could also show them the Tetons, which they had once refused to look at.

So at eight the next morning they set forth, picking up, before they had gone far, a handsome youth, elegantly clad in all the Park paraphernalia procurable at a city store: hunting-coat and cap, shining cartridge-belt, brilliant pistol, and the very latest thing in guns. He was out for bear. His party had seen tracks of a bear and two cubs the night before, and if we would kindly take him on a mile or two in the wagon he could get more quickly to the

point where he was to enter the woods. The government allows you to kill bear.

At the desired point he leaped from the wagon, touched his cap gracefully, and disappeared in the forest.

Two minutes later they heard his gun, followed speedily by two other quick reports.

"He has killed it!" exclaimed the Maiden, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "And both the cubs!"

"Well, Mabel, perhaps he has," said the Man of Sense. "But it is rather a tremendous conclusion to draw from the premises."

At noon, as they were lunching, Phillips called out suddenly,

"Bear! bear! Want to see them?"

They hurried to the road just as two men were passing on horseback, each with a dead cub slung behind him on his saddle.

And camping that night near these men,

they were offered a tempting bear-steak for their camp breakfast.

"To think," said the Man of Sense, "of that noble youth spending his hours hunting for bear, while James Bass of Webster County, Iowa, is walking off down the road with the bear on his saddle and we are breakfasting on it!"

"However," said the Man of Resources, "it's a very fair division of labor. Youth likes the fun of hunting for bear, and age likes the bear. I don't see but we're all very well off."

They had gone into camp earlier than usual, because it looked like rain. They were hardly settled, indeed, before it poured in torrents, continuing a steady down-fall all the evening. They were perfectly comfortable and happy in their secure tents, but were troubled about their men. They discovered that the men had not brought along any tent for themselves. Sleeping in the open air had not been disagreeable, so far, for hunters accustomed to

much colder weather in the woods; but to-night it would be unendurable. The Man of Resources promised to arrange matters.

"But, my dear," he said the next morning as his wife emerged from her tent in the brilliant sunshine, "I don't think we need worry ourselves any more about Phillips' comfort. He not only slept as before, but he took in boarders."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Why, I walked over to the other camp last night, and found a man with a tent big enough to take in Phillips and Sam and Johnson for the night. This morning I found that they went over there as I told them to, but instead of sleeping in the other man's tent, they brought him back to sleep with them in the open air!"

"Another little piece, my dear?" he asked later as they gathered round the fire and partook of bear.

"No, I thank you. Phillips, I have the most troublesome husband you ever saw. If I'm not helped twice to every thing, he begins to say, 'Why, what is the matter? haven't you any appetite this morning? do have a little piece more! why won't you have a little piece more? there's plenty of it. Here's a nice tender little bit; do try it! then what else can I get you?' and so on, till I am all worn out." .

"You ought to be pleased, marm," said Phillips in gentle rebuke. "They ain't all so attentive after the first year or two, I've heard say," added this unmarried but intelligent guide.

"Oh! but that is because of my power over him. I am so charming, you see, that he can't help thinking about my comfort all the time."

"No, marm," said Phillips, still more gently. "I don't think it's all for you. He bothers himself just so about me sometimes."

The Romantic acknowledged herself fairly conquered. She enjoyed the pretty tribute to

her chivalrous husband much more than any gallant speech to herself, and she atoned by passing her plate to him and saying meekly :

“ A little more of the bear, if you please, my dear.”

“ She isn’t conquered after all, Phillips,” said the gentleman with a sign. “ Here she is again, after all your efforts, asking me to be a little more of a bear ! I’ve a great mind to give the rest of the steak to Bob.”

“ Is thy servant a dog, that she should do this thing ? ” asked the lady, taking her plate again and gazing askance at the amount put upon it. “ Bear is excellent ; but too much bear I cannot eat, even to spare Bob.”

Late that afternoon they crossed the mountain between the Firehole and the Norris Basin.

“ Isn’t it here, Phillips,” asked the Maiden, “ that you said we could see the Three Tetons ? ”

"Yes, it is," answered the laconic Phillips, but without reining in his horses.

"Well, where do we look for them? here are the glasses."

"Can't see 'em to-day, glass or no glass. Too hazy."

And the Maiden with a sigh restored the field glass to its pocket.

It was pleasant to camp once more at the Norris Basin, where they had enjoyed so much on their first night out. Tempting odors from the tent kitchen were wafted over to their own camp, and it was suggested that the Maiden go across and forage for delicacies.

Half an hour later she returned, laden with good things, but exclaiming as she sank down on a log,

"Oh! I've had an awful time!"

The company gathered in a sympathetic group and waited for particulars.

"There was a professor there —"

“Was he worse than the lieutenant?” murmured the Imperturbable.

“It’s an awfully fascinating place. There is a professional cook—though he wasn’t the professor I mean—and he wears a white jacket and apron and cap, and he has all sorts of stoves and things, and a lot of menials to obey his orders; and he just stands still and shouts and points: ‘Pepper that! salt that! sugar this! take that cake out of the oven! put this stew on to boil! cut up those potatoes! where is the steak?’ and I expected every minute he would throw something at me and say, ‘Swallow that!’ but every thing looked so nice, I thought I should rather like it. And he said he would give me some of every thing, but they weren’t quite done and I must wait. So I sat down by the stove, and the professor—the real professor—was sitting there, too. And pretty soon he looked at me over his spectacles and said,



“‘Are you just going into the park, little girl?’”

“Oh, Mabel! he didn’t say ‘little girl!’”

“No, he didn’t say it; but there was that in his voice which meant it. It was just like being examined by a school committee. And I told him, ‘Oh, dear no! we had been in the park ten days, and had seen every thing, and now we were going home.’”

“‘*Every thing?*’ he said, with the most horribly sarcastic emphasis you can imagine. ‘Tell me, for instance, what you saw in the Lower Geyser Basin.’

“And oh, Anna! you know that was the one place where we didn’t stop at all! And I told him that—well, that we hadn’t stopped very long at the Lower Basin, because we had seen so many geysers that were all just alike—

“‘All just alike?’ he interrupted, with Oh such awful irony in his smile. ‘No two geysers are ever alike.’

“And then I corrected myself and said of course I meant we had seen so many geysers that were not at all alike, that we thought we wouldn’t try to see any more. And then he began. It was astonishing that such ignorant people as we are were allowed in the park. We ought not to come here at all unless we meant to stay years and years. Oh, it was a great deal worse than the Tetons! for we’ve really tried to do the park, and we haven’t seen a thing that we ought to have seen. He says there’s a geyser in the Lower Basin that is called The Seraph, and that no Turk or Christian ever had conceived of any thing so beautiful to put into his heaven. And there’s another geyser that is called The Raven, named for Poe’s raven, because the water rises in the form of a raven’s back and beak, and the water is ebony in color —”

“Oh, Mabel!” interrupted the Man of Sense,

"How do you know he is a professor?" asked the Man of Resources.

"I don't. I think he is a lunatic. But then professors always talk just that way, too, and I gave him the benefit of the doubt. He said there was something we ought to have seen in the Lower Basin that was striated; and something else that was foliated; and something more that was obviated, or saturated, or something like that. I wanted to ask him if there hadn't been something there that was demented; but I didn't quite dare."

As they were skirting the Obsidian Cliffs the next afternoon, the Man of Resources turned with his opera-glass to look behind them.

"I see," he announced gravely, "a light wagon, adapted to the purpose of getting over the ground quickly. And in it I see a person, an elderly person. He is—yes, he is gray-haired. It is the Professor, following up the

Maiden. The devotion of the lieutenants was nothing to it."

"I am sure," pouted the young lady, "I don't see why he wants to talk to me if he hates me so. It must be because he likes to talk to an extremely ignorant person; there is so much left for him to tell."

"That's it, Mabel," said the Man of Resources, gravely. "It's your ignorance. It isn't the charming cap you wear, it's your virgin ignorance. If I remember rightly, it was your wisdom that charmed the lieutenants, and now it is your ignorance that charms the professors. What a thing it is to be able to please every body!"

"I forgot to tell you one thing," confessed the Maiden; "he asked me if I had seen one geyser that I had never heard of, in such a tone of voice that I didn't dare to say we hadn't; and I didn't exactly like to tell him we had, and so I told him I guessed we had. Oh, that

was the worst of all! If I didn't know what I had seen, I was indeed a pitiable object. He said it was a geyser that sent out—I think he said one billion, four hundred and fifty-three million, seven hundred and thirty-two thousand, two hundred and forty-six barrels of water every time it spouted. I thought that was really interesting; because we were saying the other day, you know, that no instrument could possibly ever be invented to measure the water from a geyser, so I asked him how he knew. And he looked rather frightened, and said, 'Oh, approximately, of course! Only approximately!'

The asters had bloomed since they went into the park. Whole little forests of them made the roadside purple.

"After all, there are compensations in coming back," said the Man of Resources, as they swept again through the beautiful Golden Gate and the horses began to trot over the fine hard

road with a pleasant, easy motion which made the occupants of the wagon feel as if they were really taking a drive.

"There will be letters," said the Optimist, who had not heard from her boy at the ranch for ten whole days.

"From the lieutenants," murmured the Imperturbable.

"But letters have to be answered," sighed the Man of Sense.

"O never mind that! the lieutenants won't object to being answered; will they, Mabel?"

"We're going in splendidly, Phillips," said the Maiden, exhilarated by the first rapid driving she had experienced since they had passed through the Golden Gate before. "Why, the horses travel better going in than they did coming out."

"Horses generally do go down hill faster than they go up," explained Phillips.

As they passed under the white Terraces,

they glanced up, wondering whether the marvels they had seen would have spoiled for them the beauty of the Formation. But no ; it was as grand, as wonderful, as beautiful as ever ; its snowy walls glittering with the lovely little rills that sparkled in the sunshine as they slipped from their basins down the fluted columns that supported them. Ah ! what a park it was !

“ Are there any letters for our party ? ” asked the Maiden, slipping into the office while the gentlemen were superintending the elaborate process of unloading.

“ I believe there is one,” said the clerk, who distinctly remembered both the party and the Maiden. “ For Miss Mabel Livingston.”

“ Only one ! ” exclaimed the Maiden, appalled.

“ There were two lieutenants,” murmured the Imperturbable, coming up to her.

“ Ah yes ! here are a few more,” and the

clerk, who had been unable to resist the universal tendency to try and tease Miss Livingston, threw down twenty-five for the party.

"And no telegram," said the relieved Optimist, who knew now that all must be well with her boy.

That night the face of the Maiden wore the happy look in the corridors of one who could say, "I, too, have been in Arcadia!" It was evident that she was on the alert for some one who had not yet been through the park, to whom she could pour out her soul. Nor was it long before she was seen eagerly holding forth to a small group of an elderly lady and her daughter. Still, she seemed a little crest-fallen, they thought, as she came back to them.

"Wouldn't they believe it, Mabel?"

"O yes!" she said with a little sigh. "They believed it must be very nice, very nice indeed. *But they have just come from Alaska!*"

At this moment the Professor approached.



“ My dear young lady, I forgot to ask, when I had the pleasure of meeting you yesterday, whether you had seen the Three Tetons? ”

“ The Tetons? ” repeated the Maiden, with a smile of innocent sweetness. “ No, we haven’t seen the *Tetons*; but we saw the *tea-train*, when we were coming from St. Paul; ” and with this she slipped up-stairs to write a note to her papa.

This is the note:

“ MY DEAR PAPA: You know you said it was quite impossible to believe the stories about there being no extortion in the park, and your sarcasm took the form of giving me an extra hundred-dollar bill for incidental expenses. Our incidental expenses during the ten days we were exploring amounted for the party to just one dollar and fifty cents, which we paid for fresh milk and some rolls one night. My share of this was thirty cents. Deducting this from the hundred dollars, I

have left ninety-nine dollars and seventy cents. That is, it isn't exactly left, because I have spent it for something else: a lovely goat-skin rug for mamma for twenty dollars, and a superb buffalo-head for you for seventy dollars. It will take the rest of it to express them on to you. They will arrive before we do, and I hope they will be a pleasant reminder of

“Your affectionate daughter

“MABEL.

“P. S.—Yes, we had a very nice time in the park, thank you. It is quite a pretty spot.”

At eight o'clock the next morning Phillips was again at the door, to drive them the eight miles to the station. On the way he pointed to a steep cliff, and remarked—

“Now, if you had time to stop and climb that mountain, you could get quite a good view of the Three Tetons.”

“I don't doubt it,” said the Maiden shortly, “but we haven't time.”

As the cars filled up, it was curious to see the relief of passengers who had been staging for five or ten days, in getting back to the railroad. It was not a Pullman car, and it was only a narrow-gauge track; but the comfort of it in comparison was something that betrayed itself in faces full of satisfaction and exclamations of glad relief. There is that in man which makes him long once in a while to escape from civilization to the woods; but there is that in him also which makes him ten-fold more glad to get back again. And when at Livingston they exchanged the narrow for broad gauge, and the ordinary car for a luxurious sleeper, the feelings of the party expressed themselves in a way to make a little girl whisper to her mother—

“Haven’t they ever been in a railway car before, mamma?”

“O yes!” said the Man of Sense, smiling.  
“We’ve often been in one before; but for the

last ten days we have been rocking on the billows of the National Park roads, and the sensation of gliding forward instead of rolling sideways strikes us almost as a novelty."

As they entered the dining-car and took possession of the well-appointed little tables, and ordered their oxtail soup and salmon and roast chicken and salad and creams and fruit and coffee, the Diligent Suggester glanced admiringly at the waiters, and announced—

"Next year I shall bring a uniform for Phillips."

"O how glad I am that we are not going east again yet!" exclaimed the Maiden, as half an hour later the eastward bound train from Oregon passed them, stopping at Livingston for the "coupons," who were bound once more for St. Paul.

They were even glad that they had not gone out of the park by Beaver Cañon. It was evident that they would have missed some very

fine scenery, whatever they might have gained. The road between Livingston and Garrison, where they left the Northern Pacific for the Utah and Northern branch of the Union Pacific, was very picturesque, whirling around curves where it was literally true that the engine was going in one direction and half the train in exactly the opposite, and the landscape north of Beaver Cañon for a long distance was uniquely beautiful and impressive. Here it was that they noticed first what was conspicuous all through Utah: the curious thinness of the mountain ranges and peaks, making them seem, in comparison with the ordinary bulk of massive rock, like a thin sheet of paper set edgewise in the soil, and towering up into the air with serrated edges that seemed as if etched on the sky as a mere delicate line.

“Do you remember,” said the Romantic, “what Dr. Holmes said about the wives of great men being often like the little tug-boat

dragging a man-of-war; small and inglorious, but doing a good big share of the work? Now, I have thought of a better simile than that: the great men and their wives are like the railroads and the rivers through these cañons; the locomotive tears through the gorge and has all the glory, but never could have found its way through in the world, if the river had not first made the way and then obligingly run along to point it out."

"And the locomotive," added the Parsimonious, "just as soon as it has found out the way, puts on all steam and gets away from the river as fast as it possibly can."

"But it always comes back again, my dear," suggested the Man of Sense.

"And the river doesn't," added the Man of Resources.

"I wouldn't if I were she."

"Yes, that's a very complete little metaphor when you think of it: man, *alias* locomotive,

tearing up and down, but never really leaving the object of devotion; woman, *alias* river, gliding calmly and seeming to be always there, but in reality making for the sea as fast as she can."

"Very pretty scenery," said the Extravagant, as they were all exclaiming at the beautiful brown velvet pall that seemed spread over the mountains. "But as supper-time approaches, I begin to remember that we no longer have the hotel-cars of the Northern Pacific."

"No need to worry about your supper to-night, sir," said a cheerful voice behind them. "We take supper at Melrose, and if you don't like what you get, I'll agree to give you a dinner at Delmonico's when we all get back to New York."

This was mysterious. With much curiosity they left the cars at the little station of Melrose, to be ushered into a cosy room, brightly lighted and furnished with a piano, and shown

through this into a pleasant dining-room with gracefully curtained windows, and supper tables that were a joy to look at. Here was no clatter of dishes; no noisy, bewildering rattle of the bill of fare in your ears. Every thing was served in courses, by quiet maidens who set delicious viands at your plate from their laden trays without asking what you wanted. Great dishes of fruit and of the most delicious cake were within reach. As they seated themselves, some one at the piano, who proved to be a young girl of about sixteen, played finely the most exhilarating music.

"Seems to me I have heard that tune somewhere else on our journey," said the Imperturbable cruelly to the Maiden. "Where could it have been?"

"Probably at Keogh," she answered serenely. "It is a Strauss waltz."

"Ah, yes! It was at Keogh. I wondered why it reminded me so forcibly of lieutenants."



“‘If you would view fair Melrose right,” quoted the Man of Sense as they went back to the cars by the light of a young moon,

‘Come visit it by pale moonlight.’

That was a perfect little idyl of a supper.”

“Idyl!” exclaimed the Extravagant. “It was an epic! How those maidens ever moved round with such Homeric stateliness to the tune of a Strauss waltz, I can’t imagine. And I had cream in my coffee.”

“And I had coffee in my cream,” said dreamily the Imperturbable, remembering his sufferings from chicory at the Mammoth Hot Springs.

“I wanted to speak to that girl at the piano,” said the Maiden, “and tell her how beautifully she played.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Because I knew I never should be able to get the condescension out of my voice. It would sound exactly as if I meant to say, ‘It is

really surprising that anyone should play so well in Montana!’ and then if she is as nice as she looks, she would have wanted to turn round and bite me ; just as I wanted to bite that Chicago Arthur who took me for a pauper, and that boy with his Tetons who taunted me with being a woman, and the Professor with his geysers who took me for a little girl of ten.”

“By the way, Mabel,” said the Man of Resources. “I have a pleasant surprise for you. I understand there is a point on the Utah and Northern from which you can see the Tetons.”

She turned and looked at him. He tried to divest his face of any expression, but her clear, direct gaze fathomed his purpose.

“I suppose we go by it in the night,” she said, calmly.

“Unhappily, my dear, we do.”

The scenery the next day was more prosaic ; but it was interesting to see the instant change

when they dropped down into the fertile Utah valleys from the dull, dead slopes of Idaho, covered only for miles upon miles with discouraged sage-brush. It seemed as if almost within a few minutes they passed from the clear, cool atmosphere that had been round them for so long to the glowing warmth of August afternoons in the country, when great fields of grain lie ready for the harvest, and the patient hay-makers send the slow wagons to the quiet homesteads, while over all broods the still, midsummer air.

“I shouldn’t wonder,” said the Imperturbable, “if we even had a currant pie for dinner.”

And they did.

“I should think,” said the Romantic, “that people going to Oregon or California, would come out to Denver by the Union Pacific, to get that magnificent approach to Denver from the east, and then take the Denver and Rio Grande to Salt Lake City, the Utah and North-

ern to Garrison, and the Northern Pacific to Portland, and the steamer to San Francisco. Then they would get the best of all the roads, and I don't believe it would take them any longer."

"But they couldn't buy through tickets in that way," suggested the Parsimonious.

"Well, a man that can afford to go to California can afford to go the pleasantest way; and what a trip that would be!" said the Man of Resources.

This approach to Salt Lake City from the north is not the finest; but it is interesting. They stayed at Ogden over night and arrived in the city early the next forenoon.

It seemed incredible as they stepped from the cars into the bright sunlight, in a city very full of Gentiles, with clamoring hackmen, flaming advertisements, broad thoroughfares, flowers, trees, and green grass of the greenest, that this was the city of oppression and degrada-

tion, the one spot under the United States flag which is a disgrace to it, the center of public treason rooted in dishonor, and of private despotism so intense that but very few years ago it was as hard for a woman in the highest circles to leave the city, unless the authorities were willing, or without the authorities knowing it, as for Mrs. Stowe's slave-woman Eliza to escape from the demons of the slave trade. Nay, it was harder, for Eliza did escape; no Mormon woman ever could. *Nous avons changé tout cela*; no one can spend even a day in Salt Lake City without being conscious of forces at work that are undermining treason and oppression and degradation and dishonor. Yet the cry must still be, "How long, O Lord, how long?" less because of women kept in oppression as dupes and victims, than because of women voluntarily enduring martyrdom from distorted, though honest convictions.

As the carriage left them at the Walker

House, the very way in which the boys took their bags convinced them that they were to be physically well cared for in the city of the saints. Excellent rooms, admirably furnished with really luxurious arm-chairs and lounges, with a luncheon table elaborately furnished and perfectly waited upon, led the Extravagant to exclaim,

“ I always did think there might be some good points even about the Mormons.”

“ But, Donald,” said the Maiden, “ the owners of this hotel are not Mormons.”

“ How do you know ? ”

“ Because I do.”

“ By the way, Mabel, what is your pre-conceived theory of a Mormon ? ”

“ He is old ; he is ugly ; he is greasy ; he is fat, and he is yellow.”

“ And you have seen the proprietor of this hotel, and discovered that he is young and handsome, and of a clear complexion ? ”

“No, oh no! but you will never persuade me that supreme excellence of any kind follows in the wake of Mormonism.”

It was a woman's intuition, curiously shown to be true as they began their investigations in an afternoon drive. That is, shown to be true so far as Mormonism means polygamy. Whenever you came upon a lovely house, a well-kept garden, a charming person, you would almost invariably hear either “Gentile,” or “Mormon, but not polygamist.”

“I take back what I said this morning,” said the Maiden. “I never can think of a Mormon as anything but a polygamist. It was the polygamist that I meant was old and ugly and yellow; there are evidently lots of Mormons that don't practice what they preach in that respect, and so are decent enough people.”

“Ninety-seven and a half per cent. of them don't practice polygamy from the statistics; and it is delightfully evident, from just what

we have seen and heard in one day, that the government is actually accomplishing a good deal in putting down the two-and-a-half per cent. that do practice it."

"All the result of Cleveland's administration," said the Imperturbable, who had been a Mugwump.

No, they were told not. The good work had begun before Cleveland came in; Mr. Cleveland simply had not changed the methods of prosecution.

But to find the leaders in hiding, and prominent men almost daily indicted and sent to the penitentiary, or escaping only by promising to obey the law, was even less a matter of encouragement than talks that they had with many Mormons to whom they had brought letters. It was evident that a strong undercurrent in the very stream of Mormonism itself was opposed to polygamy; and that, released from the tyranny of leaders with political pur-



poses of their own to which religion and patriotism and decency are made to bend, the great mass of the Mormons would be thankful for an excuse to let polygamy slip out of their religion as easily as it slipped in.

Their most interesting visit was to the Tabernacle. They were impressed with its fine simplicity, its splendid organ, and wonderful acoustic arrangements, but enjoyed most of all their talk with the Mormon who showed them about.

The ceiling was beautifully festooned with heavy ropes of evergreen, and a large cluster of evergreens in the center was filled in with little American flags.

"Why do you put those flags up there?" demanded the Maiden, remembering the flag lowered to half-mast on the 4th of July.

"Because we are loyal citizens of the United States."

"I thought you didn't like the United States?"

"O no! it is the United States that doesn't like us. We love our country; we would spring at any moment to defend her if called upon. When there was trouble in Mexico, and the government called upon us, we sent five hundred men at the first notice to her assistance."

"How was it in the southern rebellion?" asked the Romantic.

The man seemed not to hear.

"How was it in the southern rebellion?" repeated the Man of Sense.

Still the man did not hear.

"How was it in the southern rebellion?" demanded the Maiden firmly, stepping in front of him to pin him with her direct gaze.

"We were not called upon," said the man, lowering his eyelids.

"But no one was *called upon*," pursued the Maiden. "There was very little drafting anywhere. Did any of you volunteer to help us?"

"We knew it was no use to volunteer. As Mormons, we are so looked down upon and spit upon, that we knew our help would not be valued."

"But if you think so much of the United States," said the Man of Resources, "why, when you go through the Endowment House, do you take a vow of eternal enmity to her?"

"I have been through the Endowment House; I never took any such vow as that."

The Man of Resources raised his eyebrows. He had been told that morning that Mormons are brought up Jesuitically to believe it no sin to lie to a Gentile for the benefit of the faith. He did not know that this was true; but in view of known facts, it did not seem improbable. "We love our country," continued the man. "It is only when her laws conflict with the laws of God, that we think it right to remain true to the higher law. God has

revealed to us by special revelation that polygamy is right."

"How do you know He has?"

Even the Mormon felt that it would seem a weakening of his position to give as his authority, "Because Joseph Smith said so." He dropped his eyelids again and merely murmured:

"We believe it."

"And is it strange," he added with some spirit, turning to the Maiden, "that we resent the interference of a despotic government in matters of private belief? Is it strange that we wish to do what we want to?"

"O no," said the Maiden calmly. "It is not at all strange that you should like to do what you want to. It is only," she added after a pause, fixing her direct gaze upon him, "it is only so exceedingly odd that you should want to!"

And the Man of Resources declares that if

the government could only acquire that blank, calm, direct gaze of quiet, absolute contempt, which looks upon the object of it as entirely beneath the dignity of any thing so active as invective or angry scorn, more would be accomplished than by the wordy persecution which is in itself another bond of union between people suffered to fancy themselves martyrs.

"But do you not think the laws of God meant that every woman should have a husband?" demanded the Mormon.

"Yes," said the Maiden. "That is precisely what I believe. It is not what you believe. I think that every woman ought to be blessed with a husband. You think it is enough if she happens to have an eighteenth of a husband."

"But as the statistics show, there are so many more women than men, that every woman can't have a husband unless she shares with other women."

"But if you think that we would rather have an eighteenth of a husband than none at all, you are mistaken."

"It is not a question of *rather*; it is a question of duty," said the Mormon, sanctimoniously. "Is it possible," he added, with a superior smile, "that you are still laboring under the delusion that our women are kept here against their will?"

"No," said the Maiden, with perfect calmness. "I know they are not. Some of them used to be, and perhaps a good many of them still are. But I am perfectly aware that there is a very large class among you of perfectly sincere women, who don't like polygamy any better than we do; but whose judgment has been distorted till they really think they ought to submit to it. What is needed here is, not soldiers to tear the women out of your arms, but missionaries to show them they ought not to be willing to stay."

"How far would your sense of religious duty carry you," asked the Man of Sense, "in providing a husband for an extremely disagreeable and ugly woman?"

"I should not hesitate," said firmly this devoted champion of women, secure in the fact that the United States law would now prevent him from any unwelcome sacrifice of the kind. "I should think myself very ungentlemanly, indeed, if the most unattractive old maid in the world should ask me to be her husband and I refused."

"Whew!" whistled the Man of Resources. "What saved you from her, before the United States stepped in to your assistance?"

"It has always been necessary to secure the first wife's consent," said the Mormon, demurely casting down his eyes.

"For fear he should wink!" asserted the indignant Maiden.

"Ah! I see. Clever man, Brigham Young.

First wife's consent; easy to force from her when wanted; beautiful resource of defense when not wanted."

"But there is another point of view," continued the Mormon. "In the present stage of hopeless and foolish extravagance, fewer and fewer young men feel that they can afford to marry; so that one who can, has to bear the burden of more than one wife, that the women may not be left alone."

"Oh, but stop there!" said the Man of Sense. "That's a rule that works both ways. If our young men can't afford to keep one wife, how many of your young men can afford to keep seven? To judge from what it costs me to keep one very charming lady in furs and furbelows, and two very small children in shoes and stockings, I should infer that a Mormon couldn't afford to be a polygamist unless he was a millionaire. Think of paying the school bills, even of buying the new editions of school-



books, for thirty children, as General Clauson has to do ! ”

And with this they went back to the hotel, where they dined sumptuously on salmon from the Columbia river, snipe, frogs’ legs, and all other imaginable delicacies, cooked as only a Frenchman can cook.

“ For which,” said the Man of Sense, “ we are paying half a dollar a day less than we paid for going without our dinner at the Mammoth Hot Springs.”

On the third morning they were at the station again. As she saw once more the familiar sleepers of the Denver and Rio Grande, the Maiden exclaimed delightedly :

“ Oh, how good it is to see the dear old names : El Paso, Antonino, Mexicano ! When we go back to New York, we shall begin going to Boston and Philadelphia in the *Governor Hawley* or the *Senator James P. Jones*. Here are our sections : in the Mexicano.”

They knew they had thirty-six hours before them of the most wonderful railway scenery in the world ; but they had supposed it would all be crowded into the next day. In reality, nothing that they saw was grander than the magnificent Castle Gate, through which they passed late that afternoon, into scenery that until dark kept them at a loss for adjectives and exclamations. "Sculptured," you say, of the Yosemite or the Yellowstone Cañon ; "built," is what seems to express this massive grandeur of the Utah buttes and mountains ; pinnacle, turret, wall, only not built, because it seemed as if centuries of man's labor could never have perfected them.

"Why, it is quite as fine as the Columbia river !" said a lady in the section next to them, early in the afternoon. Now, she was thrillingly alive to the fact that it was much finer than the Columbia river ; struggling to rouse the rest of her party from their absorption in

a game of euchre, and at last succeeding in waking up a young Englishman, who paused from the game long enough to say in sympathy :

“ Awfully funny scenery, all about here, isn’t it ? ”

They were up at five the next morning, not to lose a moment of the Black Cañon, grand, inspiring, awful. Ah ! what a day it was ! From the terrible depths of the Black Cañon they were whirled ten thousand feet into the air over the Marshall Pass, with its wonderful loops of engineering and its magnificent views ; then down, down, down again into the chasms of the sublime Royal Gorge of the Arkansas. In the Royal Gorge you are conscious, not of mountains, but only of mountain ; one vast, awful mountain seems to have parted suddenly a little to let you personally pass through to Pueblo, and you feel a shuddering terror lest it close in again upon you before you have quite reached the opposite gate of escape ; a sensa-

tion heightened by the fact that the dreadful walls towering above you, not in needle-like pinnacles and rounded cones that at least let sunshine in between them, but in one stupendous wall of solid rock, actually curve in and toward each other two thousand feet above your head! Ah! what was the courage of the *impiae rates* of Horace, daring to spread their wings across the great sea set as a barrier, to the lion-heartedness of the locomotive tearing round these narrow, treacherous curves at the base of those awful cliffs!

"I am thankful," said the Convert, sinking back in her seat from weariness as they drew near Pueblo, "that there is nothing more to see between here and Denver! There is a digestion of the soul, and I have had all the beauty I can possibly bear in one day."

"But there are still Pike's Peak, and two or three hundred miles of Rocky Mountains be-

tween here and Denver. Is that what you stigmatize as nothing? "

"Yes ; compared to what we have been having ; and I believe I shall have to draw down the window curtain and not look at even them. I really can not bear any more sublimity to-day."

"Oh, what is that? " she exclaimed suddenly in terror as the noise of repeated pistol shots roused her to active sense of her surroundings.

"Is it cowboys? "

"No, my dear ; it's sunflowers."

"Nature, resenting your implication that she had given you too much beauty, and shaking her fist at you," explained the Romantic, as a perfect hail-storm of blows against the side of the car proved actually to come from the hard centers of the sunflower blossoms in a great grove of them through which the train was whirling.

In truth, the fresh and lovely landscape of

green level meadows was refreshing in its peacefulness and serenity, after the great gloom of awful cañons and the sublimity of lofty mountain heights that had surrounded them all day. It seemed as if nature herself were softening her mood and melting into tenderness as she drew near Colorado Springs, where had dwelt so long the worshipper that had loved her so. Ah! when had we passed through Colorado Springs before, ungreeted by the "merry, questioning eyes," the "comrade of comrades" for these splendid mountain heights, the woman whose brilliant fame in the world never drew her from her passionate love for Nature! Dear friend! great heart! farewell! sleep well! It shall not be the least of your claims to heaven that you found earth so fair. "God must be glad one loved His world so much."

It was late when they reached Denver. They were to stay a few days there to do the nec-

essary shopping for carrying home something to the unfortunate friends who were spending the summer at the east.

“Not souvenirs,” said the Maiden with decision. “I never want any one to bring me home a leaf from Mrs. Browning’s grave or a piece of the bark of a tree from Mt. Vernon. I shall buy people here just what I would buy them in New York ; any thing that I see that is pretty, whether it is ‘typical’ or not.”

Still, they found so much that was beautiful as well as typical, that they indulged after all chiefly in things peculiar to the region ; especially in the beautiful smoked topaz from Pike’s Peak. As they were unwrapping their purchases with great satisfaction that evening at the hotel, the Imperturbable said suddenly, .

“By the way, Mabel, I wanted to present you with a little something, as a token of our gratitude for having been rescued from that abominable Tyrol. I saw a list of his goods in a photo-

grapher's window, with 'The Three Tetons' on it ; so I went in, and ——"

The Maiden turned her quiet gaze upon him.

"He was out of that particular picture, I suppose."

"Unhappily, my dear, he was."

Then it was necessary to take the Convert up Clear Creek Cañon. The Romantic and the Man of Resources had been through it twice before ; but no one ever objects to a day in Clear Creek Cañon, however many times he may have been through, or however many other cañons, more impressively grand, he may have seen. Besides, there was something new for them in it also; the road had been prolonged over the mountains above Georgetown, in a long loop of wonderful engineering which actually doubled on its track and crossed itself far up the heights.

"That is the beauty of western travel," ex-



plained the Maiden. "You can never say you have 'done' the west. No matter how many times you come, there is always something new. Every time you go to Europe you have to keep going to see the same old Pope and the same old Campagna, and the same old Tower of London, and the same old Saxon Switzerland."

"But suppose you want to see something old, Mabel?"

"Then you had better come and see 'Old Faithful,' was the quick retort. "Aren't these mountains old enough to satisfy anybody?"

"Yes," said the Man of Sense, "I believe they are. When they put a railroad through the Yellowstone Park, I shall go there every summer; but until they do, I believe I shall take it out in Colorado. Talk of desecrating the park with rails! I should as soon think of refusing to put rails through the Desert of Sahara, because it is more picturesque to go

over it on camels. No one thinks these cañons desecrated by the railway ; the railway is part of the magnificence ; man showing himself to be pretty well up to Nature in the fineness of what he can do. Think of it ; in all these twenty-six miles of road, they say there are only three hundred yards of straight track."

At Green Lake they stood beside a tiny emerald pond several thousand feet higher above the sea than the great lake at the Yellowstone, exquisite in color, and shelving so rapidly from the shore that with one end of your boat resting on the bank, the other floats upon water deep enough to drown you. It is not enough merely to stand beside the lake ; you must go out on it ; for it is eighty-five feet deep, and on a clear day when there is no wind you can see tall dead trees standing on the bottom, with immense masses of white rock corrugated to look like boulders of white coral ; while the effect of the sunlight, caught and held in the

meshes of the wonderful emerald water, is exactly as if the mermaid region below were shining with an emerald sunlight of its own.

“The light that never was on sea or land,” murmured the Romantic.

This year, too, they were to enjoy Denver socially. They had just discovered that they had relatives there, and that to have relatives in Denver meant to be royally entertained in that princely city with drives and dinners and that best of sight-seeing behind the scenes which can only be enjoyed under the guidance of one to the manner born. How the city had changed even in the two years since the Man of Sense had seen it! Twenty-five years ago there had been not a house or a tree anywhere within sight; now it is a city of seventy thousand inhabitants, almost too heavily shaded with splendid foliage, and with noble lawns and beautiful country-houses quite as hard to reconcile with the idea of a city, as are the

grand snow-capped mountains everywhere in sight, even from the shops of a street that suggests Broadway.

“What a place to spend the summer!” exclaimed the Imperturbable. “All the luxuries of the city, all the loveliness of the country, all the wildness of the mountains. A nice little Tyrol in your back-yard, and a fine French cook in your kitchen. Mabel, let’s come out here next year, ‘camp-in’ at the Windsor or the Albany, and spend one day every week in the Clear Creek Cañon, and one week every month at Estes Park, and go to the Garden of the Gods every Saturday afternoon, and dine with our cousins every Sunday.”

How charming it was, indeed, to dine with cousins and learn all about Denver that is not in the guide-books; to hear of the great flood in the very streets of the city, of which one cousin showed them a photograph taken by himself; but best of all to hear how their fair

lady cousin, spurred by the careless remark of a certain English Lady M——, at Estes Park that summer, to the effect that Lady Randolph Churchill “really rode very well, *for an American*,” had entered the lists in the “paper hunt” and carried off the highest equestrian honors in the very face of the English aristocracy.

It was at dinner on the last evening that their host asked suddenly :

“By the way, have you ever seen our opera house ? ”

The Man of Resources threw back his head and laughed.

“Oh Anna, do you remember the night the opera house was opened, when we couldn’t get our letters ? ”

Then followed the story how, two or three years before, they had been greatly entertained by the childish delight of the Denver citizens in the opera house then building. In their im-

patience, they could not wait for it to be finished, and they had decided to have a grand opening as soon as it was habitable. The Man of Resources and the Romantic had arrived on the night of the opening from a ten days' trip through the mountains, and were naturally anxious for their letters. They had driven from the station immediately to the post-office, only to hear:

“General delivery closed ten minutes ago !”

It was hard to bear; but the Man of Resources thought the clerk of the Windsor might have influence behind the scenes.

The electric bell summoned a small boy to their room. Could he get authority from the proprietor to inquire for letters not addressed to the hotel?

Oh yes! he could get plenty of authority; but he didn't think he could get the letters. The post-office would be closed, and the clerks all gone to the opera.

“The clerks all gone to the opera?” gasped the Parsimonious.

The boy was encouraged to make an effort. Half an hour later he returned.

“Very sorry, sir, but they were all gone to the opera!”

And then they had to confess to their cousins that they had never seen the inside of the opera house themselves.

“You know we were after mountains,” explained the Man of Sense, “and we were too tired after a day’s sight-seeing to go out in the evening.”

But the Romantic blushed. She was guiltily conscious of having harbored a belief that the famous opera house would be very “western.”

“Ah well! you must see it this time. We’ll drop in as we go down town,” and the coachman was directed to leave them there on their way to the station.

The opera house was open, but it was not

yet time for the performance. A word to some one in charge, and they were at once admitted, to exclaim in wonder over the beautiful and perfectly finished interior, costly as it could be made, but in exquisite taste throughout.

The Convert and the Imperturbable had planned to leave *viâ* Cheyenne direct to New York. But the Man of Sense insisted that they should go by way of the Kansas Pacific and stop at the ranch.

"Is there a view of the Tetons from your ranch?" inquired the Maiden.

"Well, there is quite as good a view of them as you had in the park," answered the Man of Resources.

"I want a better one."

"That, I am sorry to say, I can't supply."

"Nor any lieutenants?" inquired the Imperturbable.

"Nor any lieutenants. Plenty of herders,



but no lieutenants. Wouldn't a prairie-chicken do?"

"I'm afraid not. Mabel is so accustomed to being surrounded by lieutenants and Tetons, that I am afraid she wouldn't be happy. How is it, Mabel?"

Of course they went. The train of the Kansas Pacific was so long that the exhausted conductor asked as he entered their car:

"Is there any end to this train, do you suppose?"

"Don't be discouraged," said a cheerful voice near them. "You'll get there by morning. Last car hasn't left Cheyenne yet."

In the general laugh that followed, the Man of Sense suddenly exclaimed:

"Do you know what has just occurred to me? I have spent four summers at the west, and in all that time I have never met here a discouraged man or a nervous woman."

"And do you know what occurs to me?"

said the Meek Carrier of the Unnecessary Articles of the Diligent Suggester. "It is that we have traveled about seven thousand miles this summer, and that all the way I have carried an umbrella, which has never once been opened."

"Still," said the Diligent Suggester, sternly, "if you were starting out again on a seven thousand mile journey, it would be very imprudent for you not to take an umbrella."

"Yes, dear," responded the Meek Carrier.

At the ranch, to their astonishment, they found Mr. Livingston, who had come out to surprise his daughters and eat a prairie-chicken on its native heath. He and the Maiden remained some time after the Convert and the Imperturbable had left for New York; long enough for the Maiden to write to her sister:

"You are no longer the Convert *par excellence*. Papa is wild to go to the Yellowstone,

and says if I will only take him next year, he will take me on afterwards to Alaska. I make but one stipulation : that some time during the season, I shall be taken somewhere where I can see The Three Tetons."

THE END.



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*You Dirty Boy!*

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